

THE GARDEN MUSE



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THE GARDEN MUSE

POEMS FOR GARDEN LOVERS

SELECTED AND EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY

AUTHOR OF "WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT"

"And add to these retired Leasure
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure."

Milton: Il Penseroso.

New York

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Acknowledgment is made of the permission accorded by Chas. Scribner's Sons to include four poems by Robert Louis Stevenson in this collection, and by The Macmillan Co., and the author himself, to reprint the poem entitled "Wild Eden," by George Edward Woodberry. The dedicatory poem has previously been printed in Scribner's Magazine.

TO MY MOTHER, A TRUE GARDENER

To you who've lived your life elate
In Marvell's happy garden state,
And doubtless see, with Milton's eyes,
Eden a flow'ry Paradise,
While every walk that you have trod,
Was Enoch's walk, a walk with God —
— To you this little book I bring
Wherein our English poets sing
Of all the pleasures they have found
In gardens grayly walled around,
Of tranquil toil and studious ease,
Mid flowers, shrubberies and trees,
Because you Cowley's wish have known
To have a garden of your own,
And having it, have plied that art
Which Temple calls the ladies' part,
So well, your skill might seem to be
A kind of gentle wizardry,
As still your flowers statelier grow
And with a richer color glow

To My Mother

Each summer, and perfume the air
More sweetly from each gay parterre.

Ah, I recall the city plot
That was your scanty garden spot
In other years, and yet your care
Made e'en those narrow beds to bear
The narrower flinty walks between,
Such wealth of red and white and green
That prouder gardens might have sighed,
Grown pale through envy, and so, died.

But now you hold your gentle sway
O'er a domain as broad as they,
Where you may tend with tranquil mind
The seeds and shoots and bulbs consigned
Each season to the garden soil,
Till, reared by you with patient toil,
At length in flaunting rows they stand
And keep the order you have planned,
The low before, the tall behind,
Their colors mingled and combined,
Gay household troops in order drawn
As for review upon the lawn,
While you the colonel seem to me
Of summer's splendid soldiery.

Each morn I see you as you pass
Before them o'er the dewy grass,

To My Mother

Their files inspecting, while your eye
Scans all with sharpest scrutiny.
For you in all else mild, are yet
In this one thing a martinet.
And woe to that gay grenadier
Whose cap of crimson shall appear
One shade less bright,—however tall,
His head into your ark must fall.
Not Prussian Frederick did school
His soldiers with such iron rule.

And yet they love you ; see, how, mute,
They greet you with a loud salute.
From every slender trump and bell
A martial music seems to swell,
Which, though 'tis lost to our dull ear,
I think your finer sense doth hear,
For you with music pass such hours
As are not given to your flow'rs,
Till blossoms spring among the keys,
And garden beds are symphonies.

W. A. B.

And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden.— GENESIS.

God, Almighty, first Planted a *Garden*; and indeed it is the purest of Humane pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment to the Spirits of Men; without which *Buildings* and *Palaces* are but Gross Handy-work. And a Man shall ever see, that when Ages grow to Civility and Elegancy, Men come to *Build* Stately, sooner than to *Garden* finely. As if *Gardening* were the greater *Perfection*.— *Of Gardens*: SIR FRANCIS BACON.

THE TABLE OF THE CONTENTS

	PAGE
TO MY MOTHER, A TRUE GARDENER	vii
FOREWORD	xv
THE HAPPY GARDEN STATE	
The Garden. By Nicholas Grimald	3
The Means to Attain Happy Life. By the Earl of Surrey	6
Content. By Robert Greene	7
Two Sonnets in Praise of a Solitary Life. By William Drummond	
I: "Thrice happy he who by some shady grove."	8
II: "Dear wood, and you, sweet solitary place."	9
His Content in the Country. By Robert Herrick	10
"How Blest are They That Waste their Weary Hours." By Francis Quarles: The Virgin Widow	11
A Vote. By Abraham Cowley	12
The Wish. By Abraham Cowley	14
The Garden. By Andrew Marvell	16
The Old Man of Verona. By Claudian. Trans- lated by Abraham Cowley	20
Ode on Solitude. By Alexander Pope	22
The Retirement. By Charles Cotton	24
To His Cupbearer. By Quintus Horatius Flac- cus. Translated by Sir Theodore Martin	28
The Sabine Farm. By Quintus Horatius Flaccus: The Sixth Satire. Translated by Sir Theodore Martin	29
The Old Corycian's Garden. Virgil. The Fourth Georgic. Translated by John Dryden	32

The Table of the Contents

	PAGE
The Garden of Alcinoüs. The Odyssey. Translated by Alexander Pope	35
Garden Pleasures. By William Cowper: The Garden	37
A Farewell. By William Wordsworth	40
A Wish. By Samuel Rogers	44
A Garden Picture. By Alfred Lord Tennyson: The Gardener's Daughter	45
To A Gardener. By Robert Louis Stevenson . .	46
A Garden Song. By Austin Dobson	48
The Gardener. By Katharine Tynan	50
The Lake Isle of Innisfree. By William Butler Yeats	53
GARDEN ROMANCE	
A Garden Likened unto a Lady. By Giles Fletcher: Christ's Victory on Earth	57
A Garden Simile. By Ariosto: Orlando Furioso. Translated by Sir John Harrington . .	58
Armida's Garden. By Torquato Tasso: Jerusalem Delivered. Translated by Edward Fairfax . .	59
The Bower of Bliss. By Edmund Spenser: The Faerie Queen	62
An Island Bower. By Edmund Spenser: The Faerie Queen	66
From "The Prothalamion." By Edmund Spenser	67
"There is a Garden in Her Face." By Thomas Campion	71
A Nosegay of Garden Flowers. By John Reynolds	72
The Message. By Thomas Heywood	74
The Description by Elizium. By Michael Drayton: The Muses' Elizium	76
Waking Song. By Pierre Ronsard	81
A Chaplet of Garden Flowers. By Michael Drayton: The Muses' Elizium	82

The Table of the Contents

PAGE

A Chaplet of Garden Herbs. By Michael Drayton: The Muses' Elizium	84
The Garden of Beauties. By George Wither: Philarete, or Fair Virtue	86
Genius Horti. Andrew Marvell: Upon Appleton House	89
The Nymph and The Fawn. By Andrew Marvell .	90
Garden Militia. By Andrew Marvell: Upon Appleton House	92
The Rose. By William Browne	95
The Garden of the Hesperides. By John Milton: Comus.	96
The Picture of Paradise. By John Milton: Paradise Lost	98
"O Bella Età d' Oro." By Torquato Tasso. Translated by Leigh Hunt	101
The New Eden. By Percy Bysshe Shelley: Epipsychidion	103
"Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal, now the White." By Alfred Lord Tennyson: The Princess . .	106
Garden Lyrics. By Alfred Lord Tennyson: Maud	107
The Nymph's Song to Hylas. By William Morris	112
Song. By Arthur O'Shaughnessy	114
A Love Symphony. By Arthur O'Shaughnessy .	116
A Forsaken Garden. By Algernon Charles Swinburne	118
Wild Eden. By George Edward Woodberry . .	123

CHILDREN AND GARDENS

The Picture of Little T. C. in a Prospect of Flowers. By Andrew Marvell	129
The Flowers. By Robert Louis Stevenson . .	132
The Gardener. By Robert Louis Stevenson . .	133
To My Reader. By Robert Louis Stevenson . .	135
A Child's Garden. By Rosamund Marriott Watson	136

The Table of the Contents

GARDEN PHILOSOPHY	PAGE
Lines Written on a Garden Seat. By George Gascoigne	141
The Mower, Against Gardens. By Andrew Marvell	142
A Contemplation Upon Flowers. By Henry King, Bishop of Chichester	144
Counsel to Girls. By Robert Herrick	145
To Meadows. By Robert Herrick	146
Girls and Roses. By Poliziano. Translated by J. A. Symonds	148
The Flight of Time. By Pierre Ronsard	150
Mutability in Gardens. By Alfred Lord Tennyson: In Memoriam	151
The Garden of Omar. By Edward Fitzgerald: Rubaiyât of Omar Khayyâm	153
THE GARDEN. By Abraham Cowley	159

FOREWORD

No attempt has been made to bring together in this book all the poems that have been written about gardens. The compiler has simply sought to please himself and those whose taste chimes with his own, by weaving a chaplet of choice garden flowers culled more or less at random from the richest and rarest parterres of poetry. The only fixed principle he has followed in the process of selection is that no poem should be admitted merely because it had the garden for its theme or inspiration. The primary pleasure afforded by poetry is, after all, whatever its subject, that which is proper to it as a form of artistic expression. Surely it would be a poor compliment to pay the garden lover to suppose that he could relish bad verse the more because it was consecrated to a cult at whose shrine he worshiped. Hence, any poem that has seemed not to conform to the highest standards of poetic taste has been

Foreword

rigidly excluded without reference to the strength of its purely sentimental appeal.

For the rest, no sharp distinction has been drawn between garden poetry in the stricter sense, and that which bears only a general relation to the subject. A garden is something more than a plot of ground, however spacious and resplendent. It is, as Amiel said of a landscape, a state of soul. Whoever loves solitude and retirement, and takes a refined pleasure in the composed aspects of cultivated nature, is, at heart, a true gardener. Thus certain poems which, while they lack the quality of precise evocation, yet prolong the garden mood of meditative ease and emotional tranquillity, are here admitted on an equal footing with those directly inspired by gardens real or imaginary. Without this latitude, which is further extended to admit a number of poems that characteristically derive their imagery from gardens for the enrichment of the language of love and of compliment, there would be little to draw upon in the earlier ages of English poetry. "Men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely," writes Bacon, and, in the same way, it would almost seem as if to write worthily of

Foreword

gardens were the last ultimate attainment and perfection of the Muse. For, in the great lyric age of Elizabeth and her successor, when, if ever, men built stately, there are few poets that find in gardens a source of immediate inspiration — though in England, where the country itself is half a garden, it is not always easy to deny a place in this particular Parnassus to Sidney, dwelling in his Arcadia; to Jonson and Drummond under cover of their English Underwoods and Scottish thickets; to Spenser with his pastoral pipe; to Browne and Wither, who come making their music after him down the same meads; to Herrick, who is ever in a mood to foot it over the green fields with cowslips pied; to Drayton, friend of the fairy folk and familiar at their revels; or to Shakespeare himself, on whose brow presses a garland of flowers gathered by Avon's side. In most of these poets are hints here and there of garden form and color, charming passages of pure floral fancy, but for the most part the rustic retreat of real life has not as yet completely detached itself against the more or less conventional background of classic pastoral tradition.

It was not until Milton's generation that

Foreword

English poetry began to reflect the growing taste for gardens and gardening. Milton's glowing description of Eden not only gives that terrestrial paradise the first place among the great gardens of the world's literature, but, as Addison points out, it presents a perfect example of what was later to become the established type of English landscape garden. Yet Milton himself is not a garden poet in the complete sense in which his contemporaries, Cowley and Marvell, may claim this distinction. Garden poetry as a distinct genre is almost exclusively the creation of these two fine poets who made it the vehicle of splendid rhetoric and elevated philosophy, while at the same time they illuminated it with passion, imagination, and flashes of intense spiritual insight. Cowley's inspiration is in part literary, and his fondness for gardens, though genuine, finds reinforcement in the example of certain poets of antiquity who idealize the garden state — Virgil, Horace, Claudian, and others. Marvell, on the other hand, is a garden poet by temperament alone, and needs no other spur for his inspiration than that which is supplied by his exquisite sensibility to aspects of garden loveliness.

Foreword

Marvell is the first English poet to take an intimate delight in the detailed observation of nature for its own sake. His power and delicacy of perception remain unsurpassed by all but the greatest modern poets, while, like these, his physical vision blends with the vision of that inward eye which gives to the external world a significance for the soul.

With Marvell the poetry of nature takes its rise in a garden. From him it is but one step, across the intervening century, to Cowper and to Wordsworth. Both of these are garden poets in a greater or less degree, though in Wordsworth, Cowper's prim plantation widens to the whole world of wild nature. Shelley's vision is still less inclined to take account of garden boundaries save in the enchanting "Sensitive Plant," which is too long to be included in the present collection, and cannot readily be abridged for the purposes of quotation. But the island paradise in the "Epipsy-chidion" is the last of those great bowers of bliss in European literature which prove how deeply rooted in the soul of the race is the belief that only in a garden can man come to realize the full meaning of existence. More idyllic and

Foreword

dramatic, Tennyson, like Shakespeare, shows the garden as the scene of young love which can make of every plot of ground, however humble, a portion of paradise. Nowhere do the flowers of passion spring so freely as in the magic atmosphere of gardens, which thrills every sense with a thousand subtle incitements to the soul to break into bloom. So the garden becomes not only the type of man's most ideal aspiration, but the symbol of such fugitive felicity as is vouchsafed him in a world for which the Hesperides are but a broken dream. Among the poets of disillusion — Swinburne, Morris, O'Shaugnessy — the symbolic overtones of garden innocence and ecstasy deepen almost beyond endurance their poignant threnody of pain and despair.

Thus, like life itself, the garden has responded to as many moods of poetic feeling as there have been poets to trifle with its fancies or to find in it the source of their deeper inspiration. It is the hope of the compiler of this little book that it will respond equally to the manifold moods of those who are gardeners, and that each reader may find mirrored somewhere in

Foreword

it that particular passion or sentiment which makes his own garden a thing of joy and significance for himself, and the sacred soil of his spirit.

W. A. B.

THE HAPPY GARDEN STATE

For my own part, as the country life, and this part of it more particularly, were the inclination of my youth itself, so they are the pleasure of my age; and I can truly say, that, among many great employments that have fallen to my share, I have never asked or sought for any of them, but often endeavored to escape from them, into the ease and freedom of a private scene, where a man may go his own way and his own pace, in the common paths or circles of life.—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE: *The Garden of Epicurus*.

They set great store by their gardeins. In them they have vineyards, all manner of fruite, herbes, and flowres, so pleasaunt, so well furnished, and so fynely kepte, that I never sawe thyng more frute-full, nor better trimmed in any place. . . . And therefore it maye seme that the first founder of the citie mynded nothing so much, as these gardens.—MORE'S *Utopia*.

THE GARDEN

The issue of great Jove, draw near you, Muses
nine:

Help us to praise the blissful plot of garden
ground so fine.

The garden gives good food, and aid for leach's
cure:

The garden, full of great delight, his master
doth allure.

Sweet sallet herbs be here, and herbs of every
kind:

The ruddy grapes, the seemly fruits, be here at
hand to find.

Here pleasans wanteth not, to make a man full
fain;

Here marvelous the mixture is of solace and of
gain.

To water sundry seeds, the sorow by the way

A running river, trilling down with liquor, can
convey.

Behold, with lively hue, fair flowers that shine
so bright:

The Garden

With riches, like the Orient gems, they paint
the mould in sight.

Bees, humming with soft sound, (their murmur
is so small)

Of blooms and blossoms suck the tops, on dewèd
leaves they fall.

The creeping vine holds down her own be-
wedded elms;

And, wandering out with branches thick, reeds
folded overwhelms.

Trees spread their coverts wide, with shadows
fresh and gay;

Full well their branchèd boughs defend the fer-
vent sun away.

Birds chatter, and some chirp, and some sweet
tunes do yield;

All mirthful, with their songs so blithe, they
make both air and field.

The garden, it allures, it feeds, it glads the
sprite;

From heavy hearts all doleful dumps the garden
chaseth quite.

Strength it restores to limbs, draws and fulfills
the sight;

With cheer revives the senses all, and maketh
labor light.

The Garden

O, what delights to us the garden ground doth
bring?

Seed, leaf, flower, fruit, herb, bee, and tree, and
more than I may sing.

NICHOLAS GRIMALD.

THE MEANS TO ATTAIN HAPPY LIFE

Martial, the means that do attain
The happy life be these, I find —
The riches left, not got with pain ;
The fruitful ground, the quiet mind ;

The equal friend ; no grudge, no strife ;
No charge of rule, nor governance ;
Without disease, the healthful life ;
The household of continuance ;

The mean diet, no delicate fare ;
True wisdom join'd with simpleness ;
The night discharged of all care,
Where wine the wit may not oppress ;

The faithful wife, without debate ;
Such sleep as may beguile the night ;
Contented with thine own estate,
Nor wish for death, nor fear his might.

EARL OF SURREY.

CONTENT

Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content:

The quiet mind is richer than a crown;
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent —
The poor estate scorns Fortune's angry frown:

Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,

Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbours quiet rest,

The cottage that affords no pride or care,
The mean that 'grees with country music best.
The sweet consort of mirth and music's fare.

Obscured life sets down a type of bliss;

— A mind content both crown and kingdom is. —

ROBERT GREENE.

TWO SONNETS IN PRAISE OF A SOLITARY LIFE

I

Thrice happy he who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own;
Thou solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love.
O how more sweet is birds' harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widow'd dove,
Than those smooth whisp'rings near a prince's
 throne,
Which good make doubtful, evil do approve!
O how more sweet is zephyrs' wholesome breath,
And sighs embalm'd, which new-born flow'rs unfold,
Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath!
How sweet are streams to poison drunk in gold!
The world is full of horrors, troubles, slights:
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.

II

Dear wood, and you, sweet solitary place,
Where from the vulgar crowd estranged I live,
Contented more with what your shades me give,
Than if I had what Thetis doth embrace;
What snaky eye, grown jealous of my peace,
Now from your silent horrors would me drive,
When sun, progressing in his glorious race
Beyond the Twins, doth near our pole arrive?
What sweet delight a quiet life affords,
And what it is to be of bondage free,
Far from the madding worldling's hoarse discords,
Sweet flow'ry place, I first did learn of thee:
Ah! if I were mine own, your dear resorts
I would not change with princes' stately courts.

WM. DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.

HIS CONTENT IN THE COUNTRY.

Here, here I live with what my board
Can with the smallest cost afford.
Though ne'er so mean the viands be,
They well content my Prue and me.
Or pea, or bean, or wort, or beet,
Whatever comes, content makes sweet.
Here we rejoice, because no rent
We pay for our poor tenement,
Wherein we rest, and never fear
The landlord, or the usurer.
The quarter-day does ne'er affright
Our peaceful slumbers in the night.
We eat our own, and batten more
Because we feed on no man's score:
But pity those whose flanks grow great,
Swell'd with the lard of others' meat.
We bless our fortunes when we see
Our own beloved privacy,
And like our living, where we're known
To very few, or else to none.

ROBERT HERRICK,

“HOW BLEST ARE THEY THAT
WASTE THEIR WEARY HOURS”

How blest are they that waste their weary hours
In solemn groves and solitary bowers,
Where neither eye nor ear
Can see or hear
The frantic mirth
And false delights of frolic earth;
Where they may sit and pant,
And breathe their pursy souls;
Where neither grief consumes, nor griping want
Afflicts, nor sullen care controls!
Away, false joys! ye murder where ye kiss;
There is no heaven to that, no life to this.

FRANCIS QUARLES: *The Virgin Widow*.

A VOTE

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.

Some honour I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone:
Th' unknown are better than ill-known;

Rumour can ope the grave.
Acquaintance I would have, but when't depends
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light;
And sleep, as undisturbed as death, the night.

My house a cottage, more
Than palace, and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.

My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's; and pleasures
yield
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space,
For he that runs it well, twice runs his race.
And in this true delight,

A Vote

These unbought sports, this happy state,
I would not fear nor wish my fate,

But boldly say each night:

To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them: I have lived to-day.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

THE WISH

Well, then ; I now do plainly see,
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree ;
The very honey of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the soonest cloy.
And they, methinks, deserve my pity,
Who for it can endure the stings,
The crowd, and buzz, and murmurings
Of this great hive, the City.

Ah ! yet, ere I descend to the grave
May I a small house and large garden have !
And a few friends, and many books, both true,
Both wise, and both delightful too !
And since Love ne'er will from me flee,
A Mistress moderately fair,
And good as Guardian-Angels are,
Only belov'd, and loving me !

Oh Fountains ! when in you shall I
Myself, eas'd of unpeaceful thoughts espy ?
Oh Fields ! oh Woods ! when, when shall I be
made

The Wish

The happy tenant of your shade?
Here's the spring-head of Pleasure's flood,
Here's wealthy Nature's treasury,
Where all the riches lie that she
Has coin'd and stamp'd for good.

Pride and ambition here
Only in far-fetch'd metaphors appear;
Here nought but winds can hurtful murmurs
scatter,
And nought but Echo flatter.
The gods, when they descended hither
From Heav'n, did always choose their way;
And therefore we may boldly say,
This 'tis the way to thither.

How happy here should I
And one dear She live, and embracing die!
She who is all the world, and can exclude
In deserts Solitude;
I should have then this only fear,
Lest men, when they my pleasures see,
Should hither throng to live like me,
And make a City here.

ABRAHAM COWLEY: *The Mistress.*

THE GARDEN

How vainly men themselves amaze,
To win the palm, the oak, or bays;
And their incessant labors see
Crowned from some single herb, or tree
Whose short and narrow-verged shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid;
While all the flowers and trees do close,
To weave the garlands of repose.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear?
Mistaken long, I sought thee then
In busy companies of men.
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow;
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green.

The Garden

Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name :
Little, alas ! they know or heed,
How far these beauties her's exceed !
Fair trees ! wheres'e'er your bark I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passion's heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.
The gods, that mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race ;
Apollo hunted Daphne so
Only that she might laurel grow ;
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life is this I lead !
Ripe apples drop about my head ;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine ;
The nectarine and curious peach
Into my hands themselves do reach ;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Insnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

The Garden

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness ;
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find ;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas,
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide :
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and combs its silver wings,
'And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was the happy garden-state,
While man there walked without a mate :
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet !
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there :
Two paradises 'twere in one,
To live in paradise alone.

The Garden

How well the skilful gardener drew
Of flowers, and herbs, this dial new ;
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run,
And, as it works, the industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we!
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned but with herbs and flowers?

ANDREW MARVELL.

THE OLD MAN OF VERONA

Happy the Man, who his whole time doth bound
Within th' enclosure of his little ground.
Happy the Man, whom the same humble place,
(Th' hereditary Cottage of his Race)
From his first rising infancy has known,
And by degrees sees gently bending down,
With natural propension to that Earth
Which both preserv'd his Life, and gave him
birth.

Him no false distant lights by fortune set,
Could ever into foolish wandrings get.
He never dangers either saw, or fear'd.
The dreadful stormes at Sea he never heard.
He never heard the shrill allarms of War,
Or the worse noises of the Lawyers Bar.
No change of Consuls marks to him the year,
The change of seasons is his Calendar.
The Cold and Heat, Winter and Summer shows,
Autumn by Fruits, and Spring by Flow'rs he
knows.

The Old Man of Verona

He measures Time by Land-marks, and has
found

For the whole day the Dial of his ground.

A neighboring Wood born with himself he sees,

And loves his old contemporary Trees.

H' as only heard of near *Verona's* Name,

And knows it like the Indies, but by Fame.

Does with a like concernment notice take

Of the Red-Sea, and of Benacus Lake.

Thus Health and Strength he to a third age
enjoyes,

And sees a long Posterity of Boys.

About the spacious World let others roam,

The Voyage Life is longest made at home.

CLAUDIAN.

Translated by Abraham Cowley.

ODE ON SOLITUDE

Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground:

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire:

Blest, who can unconcernedly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day:

Sound sleep by night, study and ease,
Together mixt, sweet recreation;
And innocence, which most does please,
With meditation.

Ode on Solitude

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown ;
Thus unlamented, let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

ALEXANDER POPE.

THE RETIREMENT

Farewell, thou busy world, and may
 We never meet again ;
Here I can eat, and sleep, and pray,
And do more good in one short day
Than he who his whole age outwears
Upon the most conspicuous theatres,
Where naught but vice and vanity do reign.

Good God, how sweet are all things here ;
How beautiful the fields appear ;
 How cleanly do we feel and lie ;
Lord, what good hours do we keep ;
How quietly we sleep ;
 What peace, what unanimity ;
How innocent from the lewd fashion
Is all our business, all our conversation.

O, how happy here's our leisure ;
O, how innocent our pleasure.
O ye valleys, O ye mountains,
O ye groves and crystal fountains,
 How I love at liberty,

The Retirement

By turns to come and visit ye.
Dear solitude, the soul's best friend,
That man acquainted with himself dost make,
And all his Maker's wonders to intend,
 With thee I here converse at will,
 And would be glad to do so still,
For it is thou alone that keep'st the soul awake.

How calm and quiet a delight
 Is it, alone,
To read and meditate and write,
 By none offended, and offending none!
To walk, ride, sit, or sleep at one's own ease;
And, pleasing a man's self, none other to dis-
 please.

O my beloved nymph, fair Dove,
Princess of rivers, how I love
 Upon thy flowery banks to lie,
And view thy silver stream
When gilded by a Summer's beam,
 And in it all thy wanton fry
 Playing at liberty,
And, with my angle upon them,
 The all of treachery
I ever learned to practice and to try!

The Retirement

Such streams Rome's yellow Tiber cannot show,
The Iberian Tagus, or Ligurian Po;
The Maese, the Danube, and the Rhine,
Are puddle-water all compared with thine;
And Loire's pure streams yet too polluted are
With thine, much purer, to compare;
The rapid Garonne and the winding Seine
Are both too mean,

Beloved Dove, with thee

To vie priority;

Nay, Tame and Isis, when conjoined, submit,
And lay their trophies at thy silver feet.

O my beloved rocks that rise

To awe the earth and brave the skies

From some aspiring mountain's crown,

How dearly do I love,

Giddy with pleasure to look down;

And from the vales to view the noble heights
above!

O my beloved caves, from dog-star's heat,

And all anxieties my safe retreat;

What safety, what privacy, what true delight,
In the artificial night

The Retirement

Your gloomy entrails make,
Have I taken, do I take!
How oft, when grief has made me fly,
To hide me from society
E'en of my dearest friends, have I,
In your recesses' friendly shade,
All my sorrows open laid,
And my most secret woes entrusted to your
privacy!

Lord! Would men let me alone,
What an ever-happy one
Should I think myself to be,
Might I in this desert place
Which most men by their voice disgrace,
Live but undisturbed and free!
Here in this despised recess,
Would I, maugre Winter's cold,
And the Summer's worst excess,
Try to live out to sixty full years old;
And, all the while,
Without an envious eye
On any thriving under Fortune's smile,
Contented live, and then contented die.

CHARLES COTTON.

TO HIS CUPBEARER

Persia's pomp, my boy, I hate,
No coronals of flowerets rare
For me on bark of linden plait,
Nor seek thou, to discover where
The lush rose lingers late.

With unpretending myrtle twine ;
Nought else ! It fits your brows,
Attending me it graces mine,
As I in happy ease carouse
Beneath the thick-leaved vine.

QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS.
Translated by Sir Theodore Martin.

THE SABINE FARM

My prayers with this I used to charge,—
A piece of land not over large,
Wherein there should a garden be,
A clear spring flowing ceaselessly,
And where to crown the whole there should
A patch be found of growing wood.
All this and more, the gods have sent,
And I am heartily content.

O son of Maia, that I may
These bounties keep is all I pray.
If ne'er by craft or base design
I've swelled what little store is mine,
Nor mean it ever shall be wrecked
By profligacy or neglect;
If never from my lips a word
Shall drop of wishes so absurd
As, "Had I but that little nook,
Next to my land, that spoils its look!"
Or, "Would some lucky chance unfold

The Sabine Farm

A crock to me of hidden gold,
As to the man whom Hercules
Enriched and settled at his ease,
Who, with the treasures he had found,
Bought for himself the very ground
Which he before for hire had tilled!"
If I with gratitude am filled
For what I have — by this I dare
Adjure you to fulfill my prayer,
That you with fatness will endow
My little herd of cattle now,
And all things else their lord may own,
Except what wits he has alone,
And be, as heretofore, my chief
Protector, guardian and relief!
So, when from town and all its ills
I to my perch among the hills
Retreat, what better theme to choose
Than satire for my homely Muse?
No fell ambition wastes me there,
No, nor the south wind's leaden air,
Nor Autumn's pestilential breath,
With victims feeding hungry death.
Sire of the morn, or if more dear
The name of Janus to thine ear,
Through whom whate'er by man is done,

The Sabine Farm

From life's first dawning is begun,
(So willed the gods for man's estate),
Do thou my verse initiate!

.
QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS: *The Sixth Satire.*
Translated by Sir Theodore Martin.

THE OLD CORYCIAN'S GARDEN

Now, did I not so near my labours end,
Strike sail, and hast'ning to the harbour tend,
My song to flow'ry gardens might extend —
To teach the vegetable arts, to sing,
The Paestan roses, and their double spring;
How succ'ry drinks the running streams, and
how

Green beds of parsley near the river grow;
How cucumbers about the surface creep,
With crooked bodies, and with bellies deep —
The late narcissus, and the winding trail
Of bear's-foot, myrtles green and ivy pale:
For, where with stately tow'rs Tarentum stands,
And deep Galaesus soaks the yellow sands,
I chanc'd an old Corycian swain to know,
Lord of few acres, and those barren too,
Unfit for sheep or vines, and more unfit to sow:
Yet, lab'ring well his little spot of ground,
Some scatt'ring pot-herbs here and there he
found,
Which, cultivated with his daily care,

The Old Corycian's Garden

And bruised with vervain, were his frugal fare.
Sometimes white lilies did their leaves afford
With wholesome poppy flow'rs to mend his
homely board:

For, late returning home, he supp'd at ease,
And wisely deemed the wealth of monarchs less:
The little of his own, because his own did please.
To quit his care, he gathered first of all,
In spring the roses, apples in the fall:
And, when cold winter split the rocks in twain,
And ice the running rivers did restrain,
He stripped the bear's-foot of its leafy growth,
And, calling western winds, accused the spring
of sloth.

He therefore first among the swains was found
To reap the product of his labour'd ground,
And squeeze the comb, with golden liquor
crown'd.

His limes were first in flow'rs: his lofty pines,
With friendly shade, secur'd his tender vines.
For ev'ry bloom his trees in spring afford,
An autumn apple was by tale restor'd.
He knew to rank his elms in even rows,
For fruit the grafted pear tree to dispose,
And tame to plums the sourness of the sloes.

The Old Corycian's Garden

With spreading planes he made a cool retreat,
To shade good fellows from the summer's heat.
But, straiten'd in my space, I must forsake
This task, for others afterwards to take.

VIRGIL: *The Fourth Georgic.*

Translated by John Dryden.

THE GARDEN OF ALCINOUS

Close to the gate a spacious garden lies,
From storms defended and inclement skies :
Four acres was the allotted space of ground,
Fenc'd with a green inclosure all around.
Tall thriving trees confest the fruitful mold ;
The red'ning apple ripens here to gold :
Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'erflows,
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows :
The branch here bends beneath the heavy pear,
And verdant olives flourish round the year.
The balmy spirit of the western gale
Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail :
Each dropping pear a following pear supplies,
On apples, apples, figs on figs arise :
The same mild season gives the blooms to blow,
The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow.

Here ordered vines in equal ranks appear,
With all the united labours of the year.
Some to unload the fertile branches run,

The Garden of Alcinous

Some dry the black'ning clusters in the sun.
Others to tread the liquid harvest join,
The groaning presses foam with floods of wine.
Here are the vines in early flow'r descri'd,
Here grapes discolour'd on the sunny side,
And there in Autumn's richest purple dy'd.

Beds of all various herbs, forever green,
In beauteous order terminate the scene.

Two plenteous fountains the whole prospect
crowned;
This thro' the gardens leads its streams around,
Visits each plant, and waters all the ground:
While that in pipes beneath the palace flows,
And thence its current on the town bestows;
To various use their various streams they bring,
The people one, and one supplies the king.

*The Odyssey. Translated by
Alexander Pope.*

! GARDEN PLEASURES !

How various his employments whom the world
Calls idle, and who justly in return
Esteems that busy world an idler too!
Friends, books, a garden, and perhaps his pen,
Delightful industry enjoyed at home,
And Nature in her cultivated trim
Dressed to his taste, inviting him abroad —
Can he want occupation who has these?

• • • • •

The morning finds the self-sequestered man
Fresh for his task, intend what task he may.
Whether inclement seasons recommend
His warm but simple home, where he enjoys
With her who shares his pleasure and his heart,
Sweet converse, sipping calm the fragrant
lymph

Which neatly she prepares; then to his book
Well chosen, and not sullenly perused
In selfish silence, but imparted oft
As aught occurs that she may smile to hear,

Garden Pleasures

Or turn to nourishment digested well.
Or if the garden with its many cares,
All well repaid, demand him, he attends
The welcome call, conscious how much the hand
Of lubbard Labour needs his watchful eye,
Oft loitering lazily if not o'erseen,
Or misapplying his unskilful strength.
Nor does he govern only or direct,
But much performs himself. No works indeed
That ask robust tough sinews bred to toil,
Servile employ ; but such as may amuse,
Not tire, demanding rather skill than force.

.

Strength may wield the ponderous spade,
May return the clod, and wheel the compost
home,
But elegance, chief the garden shows,
And most attractive, is the fair result
Of thought, the creature of a polished mind.
Without it, all is gothic as the scene
To which the insipid citizen resorts
Near yonder heath ; where industry misspent,
Has made a heaven on earth ; with suns and
moons
Of close-rammed stones has charged the en-
cumbered soil

Garden Pleasures

And fairly laid the zodiac in the dust.
He therefore who would see his flowers disposed
Sightly and in just order, ere he gives
His beds the trusted treasure of their seeds,
Forecasts the future whole; that when the scene
Shall break into its preconceived display,
Each for itself, and all as with one voice
Conspiring, may attest his bright design.

.

O blest seclusion from a jarring world,
Which he, thus occupied, enjoys! Retreat
Cannot indeed to guilty man restore
Lost innocence, or cancel follies past;
But it has peace, and much secures the mind
From all assaults of evil, proving still
A faithful barrier, not o'erleaped with ease
By vicious custom, raging uncontrolled
Abroad, and desolating human life.

WILLIAM COWPER: *The Garden.*

A FAREWELL

Farewell, thou little Nook of mountain-ground,
Thou rocky corner in the lowest stair
Of that magnificent temple which doth bound
One side of our whole vale with grandeur rare;
Sweet garden-orchard, eminently fair,
The loveliest spot that man hath ever found,
Farewell! — we leave thee to Heaven's peace-
ful care,
Thee, and the Cottage which thou dost sur-
round.

Our boat is safely anchored by the shore,
And there will safely ride when we are gone;
The flowering shrubs that deck our humble door
Will prosper, though untended and alone:
Fields, goods, and far-off chattels we have none:
These narrow bounds contain our private store
Of things earth makes, and sun doth shine upon;
Here are they in our sight — we have no more.

A Farewell

Sunshine and shower be with you, bud and bell!
For two months now in vain we shall be sought:
We leave you here in solitude to dwell
With these our latest gifts of tender thought;
Thou, like the morning, in thy saffron coat,
Bright gowan, and marsh-marigold, farewell!
Whom from the borders of the Lake we brought,
And placed together near our rocky Well.

We go for One to whom ye will be dear;
And she will prize this Bower, this Indian shed,
Our own contrivance, Building without peer!
— A gentle Maid, whose heart is lowly bred,
Whose pleasures are in wild fields gatherèd
With joyousness, and with a thoughtful cheer,
Will come to you, to you herself will wed;
And love the blessed life that we lead here.

Dear Spot! which we have watched with tender
 heed,
Bringing thee chosen plants and blossoms
 blown
Among the distant mountains, flower and weed,
Which thou hast taken to thee as thy own,
Making all kindness registered and known;
Thou for our sakes, thou Nature's child indeed,

A Farewell

Fair in thyself and beautiful alone,
Hast taken gifts which thou dost little need.

And O most constant, yet most fickle Place,
Thou hast thy wayward moods, as thou show
To them who look not daily on thy face;
Who, being loved, in love no bounds dost know,
And say'st, when we forsake thee, "Let them
go!"

Thou easy-hearted Thing, with thy wild race
Of weeds and flowers, till we return, be slow,
And travel with the year at a soft pace.

Help us to tell Her tales of years gone by,
And this sweet spring, the best beloved and
best;

Joy will be flown in its mortality;
Something must stay to tell us of the rest.
Here, thronged with primroses, the steep rock's
breast

Glittered at evening like a starry sky;
And in this bush our sparrow built her nest,
Of which I sang one song that will not die.

O happy Garden! whose seclusion deep
Hath been so friendly to industrious hours;

A Farewell

And to soft slumbers, that did gently steep
Our spirits, carrying with them dreams of
flowers,

And wild notes warbled among leafy bowers ;
Two burning months let summer overleap,
And, coming back with Her who will be ours,
Into thy bosom we again shall creep.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

A WISH

Mine be a cot beside the hill;
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
In russet-gown and apron blue.

The village-church among the trees,
Where first our marriage-vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze
And point with taper spire to Heaven.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

A GARDEN PICTURE

Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite
Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love.
News from the humming city comes to it
In sound of funeral or of marriage bells;
And, sitting muffled in dark leaves, you hear
The windy clanging of the minster clock;
Altho' between it and the garden lies
A league of grass, wash'd by a slow broad
stream,
That, stirr'd with languid pulses of the oar,
Waves all its lazy lilies, and creeps on,
Barge-laden, to three arches of a bridge
Crowned with the minster-towers.

The fields between
Are dewy-fresh, browsed by deep-udder'd kine,
And all about the large lime feathers low —
The lime a summer home of murmurous wings.

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON:

The Gardener's Daughter.

TO A GARDENER

Friend, in my mountain-side demesne
My plain-beholding, rosy, green
And linnet-haunted garden-ground,
Let still the esculents abound.
Let first the onion flourish there,
Rose among roots, the maiden-fair,
Wine-scented and poetic soul
Of the capacious salad bowl.
Let thyme the mountaineer (to dress
The tinier birds) and wading cress,
The lover of the shallow brook,
From all my plots and borders look.
Nor crisp and ruddy radish, nor
Pease-cods for the child's pinafore
Be lacking; nor of salad clan
The last and least that ever ran
About great nature's garden-beds.
Nor thence be missed the speary heads
Of artichoke; nor thence the bean

To A Gardener

That gathered innocent and green
Outsavours the belauded pea.

These tend, I prithee; and for me,
Thy most long-suffering master, bring
In April, when the linnets sing
And the days lengthen more and more,
At sundown to the garden door.
And I, being provided thus,
Shall, with superb asparagus,
A book, a taper, and a cup
Of country wine, divinely sup.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

A GARDEN SONG

Here in this sequestered close
Bloom the hyacinth and rose,
Here beside the modest stock
Flaunts the flaring hollyhock;
Here, without a pang, one sees
Ranks, conditions, and degrees.

All the seasons run their race
In this quiet resting-place;
Peach and apricot and fig
Here will ripen and grow big;
Here is store and overplus,—
More had not Alcinoüs!

Here, in alleys cool and green,
Far ahead the thrush is seen;
Here along the southern wall
Keeps the bee his festival;
All is quiet else — afar
Sounds of toil and turmoil are.

A Garden Song

Here be shadows large and long ;
Here be spaces meet for song ;
Grant, O garden-god, that I,
Now that none profane is nigh,—
Now that mood and moment please,—
Find the fair Pierides !

AUSTIN DOBSON.

THE GARDENER

For the light heart or heavy heart
Medicine. Set thou a time apart,
And to thy garden thee betake
With hoe and spade and pot and rake.

Mark thou thy garden,—and not spare
Thyself as honest labourer.
Break thou the earth and turn withal,
So the live airs thereon shall fall.

Then set thy little seeds in rows,
With the kind earth for swaddling-clothes.
And these shall presently awake,
And into life and praise shall break.

Hoe, thin, and water then, that these
May spread their growing limbs at ease;
And prune the vaulting boughs lest they
Should dwindle for the warmth of day.

The Gardener

Soon shall the sweet Spring trumpets ring,
And all the world sing thoughts for Spring;
Then from the wormy beds shall rise
Creatures that wear the peacock's eyes.

No man shall childless go who hath
Raised these sweet babies out of death.
O peachy cheeks and goldilocks,
And maids in rose and scarlet frocks!

Here shall resort the butterfly,
The birds set up their lives hereby:
The mealy-mouthèd bee shall come
For honey for his queen at home.

Brown shall the man grow, being wooed
With the sun's kisses, brave and good;
Shall be an-hungered, and being fed,
Shall find his bed a golden bed.

Squirrels and hares and gamesome things,
And all sweet folks that go on wings,
Shall sit with him when he shall eat,
And ask a blessing on his meat.

The Gardener

The wonders of the skies for him
Shall open, nor his eyes be dim,
And seeing the first leaf unfold,
He shall praise God an hundredfold.

Yea, he shall learn from his employ
How God turns mourning into joy,
And from earth's graves calls up at last
His flowers when all the Winter's past.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and
wattles made;
Nine bean poles will I have there, a hive for the
honey bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace
comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to
where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a
purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and
day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by
the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pave-
ments gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

GARDEN ROMANCE

I think there are as many kinds of gardening as of poetry: your makers of parterres and flower-gardens are epigrammatists and sonnetteers in this art; contrivers of bowers and grottoes, treillages and cascades, are romance-writers.—THE SPECTATOR.

A GARDEN LIKENED UNTO A LADY

The garden like a ladie fair was cut,
That lay as if shee slumber'd in delight,
And to the open skies her eyes did shut;
The azure fields of heau'n wear 'sembled right
In a large round set with the flow'rs of light:
The flow'rs-de-luce, and the round sparks of
deaw,
That hung upon their azure leaves, did shew
Like twinkling starrs, that sparkle in th'
eav'ning blew.

GILES FLETCHER:

Christ's Victory on Earth.

A GARDEN SIMILE

As one that saw in Aprill, or in May,
A pleasant garden full of fragrant flowers,
Then when the earth new clad in garments gay
Decks every wood and grove with pleasant
 bowers,

Comming again on some Decembers day,
And sees it mard with winters stormes and
 showers;

So did the Court to Bradamant appeare,
When as she saw Rogero was not there.

ORLANDO FURIOSO: *Ariosto.*

Translated by Sir John Harrington.

ARMIDA'S GARDEN

When they had passed all those troubled Ways,
The Garden sweet spread forth her Green to
Shew ;

The moving Crystal from the Fountain plays ;
Fair Trees, high Plants, strange Herbs, and
Flowrets new,

Sunshiny Hills, Dales hid from *Phæbus*' Rays,
Groves, Arbours, mossy Caves, at once they
view ;

And that which Beauty most, most Wonder
brought,

Nowhere appear'd the 'Art, which all this
wrought.

So with the rude the polish'd mingled was,

That natural seem'd all, and ev'ry Part ;

Nature would Craft in counterfeiting pass,

And imitate her Imitator, *Art* :

Mild was the Air ; the Skies were clear as Glass ;

Armida's Garden

The Trees no Whirlwind felt, nor Tempest
smart,
But ere the Fruit drop off, the Blossom
comes;
This springs, that falls; that ripens, and this
blooms.

The Leaves upon the self-same Bough did hide,
Beside the young, the old and ripen'd Fig;
Here Fruit was green, there ripe with vermil
Side;
The Apples new and old grew on one Twig:
The fruitful Vine her Arms spread high and
wide,
That bended underneath the Clusters big;
The Grapes were tender here, hard, young and
sow'r,
There purple-ripe, and Nectar sweet forth
pour.

The joyous Birds, hid under green-wood Shade,
Sung merry Notes on ev'ry Branch and Bough;
The Wind, that in the Leaves and Waters
play'd,
With Murmurs sweet now sung, and whistled
now:

Armida's Garden

Ceased the Birds, the Wind loud Answer made,
And while they sung, it rumbled soft and low;
Thus, were it Hap or Cunning, Chance or
Art,
The Wind in this strange Music bore its
Part.

TORQUATO TASSO: *Jerusalem Delivered.*

Translated by Edward Fairfax.

THE BOWER OF BLISS

Thence passing forth, they shortly doe arryve
Whereas the Bowre of Blisse was situate;
A place pickt out by choyce of best alyve,
That natures worke by art can imitate:
In which whatever in this worldly state
Is sweet and pleasing unto living sense,
Or that may dayntest fantasy aggrate,
Was poured forth with plentiful dispence,
And made there to abound with lavish affluence.

.
There the most daintie Paradise on ground
It selfe doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plenteously abownd,
And none does others happinesse envye;
The painted flowers, the trees upshooting hye,
The dales for shade, the hills for breathing
space,
The trembling groves, the christall running by,
And, that which all faire workes doth most ag-
grace,
The art which all that wrought appeared in no
place.

The Bower of Bliss

One would have thought, (so cunningly the
rude

And scorned parts were mingled with the fine)
That nature had for wantonnesse ensude
Art, and that Art at nature did repine;
So striving each th' other to undermine,
Each did the others work more beautify;
So diff'ring both in willes agreed in fine:
So all agreed, through sweet diversity,
This gardin to adorne with all variety.

.
Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that mote delight a daintie eare,
Such as attonce might not on living ground,
Save in this Paradise, be heard elsewhere:
Right hard it was for wight which did it heare,
To read what manner music that mote be;
For all that pleasing is to living eare
Was there consorted in one harmonee;
Birdes, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all
agree:

The joyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shade
Their notes unto the voice attempred sweet;
Th' Angelicall soft trembling voyces made
To th' instruments divine response meet;

The Bower of Bliss

The silver sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmure of the waters fall;
The waters fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

There, whence that Musick seemed heard to bee,
Was the faire Witch her selfe now solacing
With a new Lover, whom, through sorcerree
And witchcraft, she from farre did thither
bring:

There she had him now laid aslumbering
In secret shade after long wanton joys;
Whilst round about them pleasantly did sing
Many faire Ladies and lascivious boyes,
That ever mixed their song with light licentious
toyes.

.
The whiles someone did chaunt this lovely lay:
Ah! see, whoso fayre thing doest faine to see,
In springing flowre the image of thy day.
Ah! see the Virgin Rose, how sweetly shee
Doth first peepe foorth with bashfull modestee,
That fairer seemes the lesse ye see her may.
Lo! see soone after how more bold and free
Her bared bosom she doth broad display;

The Bower of Bliss

Lo! see soone after how she fades and falls
away.

So passeth in the passing of a day,
Of mortal life the leafe, the bud, the flowre;
Ne more doth florish after first decay,
That earst was sought to deck both bed and
bowre

Of many a lady, and many a Paramowre.
Gather therefore the Rose whilest yet is prime,
For soone comes age that will her pride de-
flowre;

Gather the Rose of Love whilest yet is time,
Whilest loving thou mayest loved be with equal
crime.

EDMUND SPENSER: *The Faerie Queen.*

AN ISLAND BOWER

It was a chosen plot of fertile land,
Amongst the wild waves set like a little nest,
As if it had by natures cunning hand
Bene choisely picked out from all the rest,
And laid forth for ensample of the best.
No daintie flower, nor hearbe that grows on
ground,
No arboret with painted blossoms drest
And smelling sweete, but there it might be found
To bud out faire, and her sweet smels throw all
around.

No tree whose braunches did not bravely spring,
No braunch wherein a fine bird did not sit,
No bird but did her shrill notes ever sing,
No song but did containe a lovely dit:
Trees, braunches, birds, and songs were framed
fit,
For to allure fraile minds to carelesse ease.

.
EDMUND SPENSER: *The Faerie Queen.*

FROM THE PROTHALAMION

Calm was the day, and through the trembling air
Sweet-breathing Zephyrus did softly play —
A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay
Hot Titan's beams, which then did glister fair;
When I, (whom sullen care,
Through discontent of my long fruitless stay
In princes' court, and expectation vain
Of idle hopes, which still do fly away
Like empty shadows, did afflict my brain)
Walk'd forth to ease my pain
Along the shore of silver-streaming Thames;
Whose rutty bank, the which his river hems,
Was painted all with variable flowers,
And all the meads adorn'd with dainty gems
Fit to deck maidens' bowers,
And crown their paramours
Against the bridal day, which is not long:
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

There in a meadow by the river's side
A flock of nymphs I chancèd to espy,
All lovely daughters of the flood thereby,

From the Prothalamion

With goodly greenish locks all loose untied
As each had been a bride;
And each one had a little wicker basket
Maid of fine twigs, entrailèd curiously,
In which they gather'd flowers to fill their flasket,
And with fine fingers cropt full feateously
The tender stalks on high.
Of every sort which in that meadow grew
They gather'd some; the violet, pallid blue,
The little daisy that at evening closes,
The virgin lily and the primrose true,
With store of vermeil roses,
To deck their bridegrooms' posies
Against the bridal day, which was not long:
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

With that I saw two Swans of goodly hue
Come softly swimming down along the Lee;
Two fairer birds I yet did never see;
The snow which doth the top of Pindus strow
Did never whiter show,
Nor Jove himself, when he a swan would be
For love of Leda, whiter did appear;
Yet Leda was (they say) as white as he,
Yet not so white as these, nor nothing near;
So purely white they were

From the Prothalamion

That even the gentle stream, the which them bare,
Seem'd foul to them, and bade his billows spare
To wet their silken feathers, lest they might
Soil their fair plumes with water not so fair,
And mar their beauties bright
That shone as Heaven's light
Against their bridal day, which was not long:
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

Eftsoons the nymphs, which now had flowers
their fill,
Ran in all haste to see that silver brood
As they came floating on the crystal flood;
Whom when they saw, they stood amazed still
Their wondering eyes to fill;
Them seem'd they never saw a sight so fair
Of fowls, so lovely, that they sure did deem
Them heavenly born, or to be that same pair
Which through the sky draw Venus' silver team;
For sure they did not seem
To be begot of any earthly seed,
But rather Angels, or of Angels' breed;
Yet were they bred of summer's heat, they say,
In sweetest season, when each flower and weed
The earth did fresh array;
So fresh they seem'd as day,

From the Prothalamion

Ev'n as their bridal day, which was not long:
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

Then forth they all out of their baskets drew
Great store of flowers, the honour of the field,
That to the sense did fragrant odours yield,
All which upon those goodly birds they threw
And all the waves did strew,
That like old Peneus' waters they did seem
When down along by pleasant Tempe's shore
Scatter'd with flowers, through Thessaly they
stream,

That they appear, through lilies' plenteous store,
Like a bride's chamber-floor.

Two of those nymphs meanwhile two garlands
bound

Of freshest flowers which in that mead they
found,

The which presenting all in trim array,
Their snowy foreheads therewithal they
crowned;

Whilst one did sing this lay
Prepared against that day,
Against their bridal day, which was not long:
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

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EDMUND SPENSER.

“ THERE IS A GARDEN IN HER FACE ”

There is a garden in her face
Where roses and white lilies grow ;
A heavenly paradise is that place
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.
There cherries grow which none may buy,
Till “ cherry ripe ” themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rose-buds filled with snow.
Yet these nor peer nor prince can buy
Till “ cherry ripe ” themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still,
Her brows like bended bows do stand
Threatening with piercing frown to kill
All that attempt, with eye or hand,
Those sacred cherries to come nigh
Till “ cherry ripe ” themselves do cry.

THOMAS CAMPION.

A NOSEGAY OF GARDEN FLOWERS

Say, crimson Rose and dainty Daffodil,
With Violet blue ;
Since you have seen the beauty of my saint,
And eke her view ;
Did not her sight (fair sight) you lonely fill,
With sweet delight
Of goddess' grace and angels' sacred tint
In fine, most bright ?

Say, golden Primrose, sanguine Cowslip fair,
With Pink most fine ;
Since you beheld the visage of my dear,
And eyes divine ;
Did not her globy front, and glistening hair,
With cheeks most sweet,
So gloriously like damask flowers appear
The gods to greet ?

Say, snow-white Lily, speckled Gillyflower,
With Daisy gay ;

A Nosegay of Garden Flowers

Since you have viewed the Queen of my desire,
In her array ;
Did not her ivory paps, fair Venus' bower,
With heavenly glee,
A Juno's grace, conjure you to require
Her face to see?

Say, Rose, say, Daffodil, and Violet blue,
With Primrose fair,
Since ye have seen my nymph's sweet, dainty
face
And gesture rare,
Did not (bright Cowslip, blooming Pink) her
view
(White Lily) shine —
(Ah, Gillyflower, ah, Daisy !) with a grace
Like stars divine?

JOHN REYNOLDS.

THE MESSAGE

Ye little birds that sit and sing
Amidst the shady valleys,
And see how Phillis sweetly walks
Within her garden-alleys;
Go, pretty birds, about her bower;
Sing, pretty birds, she may not lower;
Ah, me! methinks I see her frown!
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go tell her through your chirping bills,
As you by me are bidden,
To her is only known my love,
Which from the world is hidden.
Go, pretty birds, and tell her so,
See that your notes strain not too low,
For still methinks I see her frown;
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go tune your voices' harmony
And sing, I am her lover;

The Message

Strain loud and sweet, that every note

With sweet content may move her:
And she that hath the sweetest voice,
Tell her I will not change my choice:
— Yet still methinks I see her frown!

Ye pretty wantons, warble.

O fly! make haste! see, see, she falls

Into a pretty slumber!

Sing round about her rosy bed

That waking she may wonder:

Say to her, 'tis her lover true

That sendeth love to you, to you!

And when you hear her kind reply,

Return with pleasant warblings.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

THE DESCRIPTION OF ELIZIUM

A Paradiſe on earth is found, though farre from
vulgar ſight,
Which with thoſe pleaſures doth abound, that it
Elizium hight.
Where, in delights that never fade, the Muſes
lulled be,
And ſit at pleaſure in the ſhade of many a
ſtately tree,
Which no rough tempeſt makes to reele, nor
their ſtraight bodies bowes,
Their lofty tops doe never feele the weight of
winter's ſnowes;
In groves that evermore are greene; no falling
leafe is there,
But Philomel (of birds the Queene) in Muſicke
ſpendes the yeare.
The Merle, upon her mertle Perch, there to the
Mavis ſings,
Who from the top of ſome curl'd Berch thoſe
notes redoubled rings;

The Description of Elizium

There Daysyes damaske every place, nor once
their beauties lose,

That, when proud Phœbus hides his face, them-
selves they scorn to close.

The Pansy and the Violet here, as seeming to
descend

Both from one root, a very payre, for sweetnesse
yet contend;

And, pointing to a Pinke, to tell which bears it,
it is loath

To judge it; but replyes, for smell that it ex-
cels them both;

Wherewith, displeasde, they hang their heads,
so angry soone they grow,

And from their odiferous beds their sweets at it
they throw.

The Winter here a Summer is, no waste is made
by time,

Nor doth the Autumne ever misse the blossomes
of the Prime.

The flower that July forth doth bring in Aprill
here is seene,

The Primrose that puts on the Spring in July
decks each Greene.

The sweets for sovereignty contend, and so
abundant be,

The Description of Elizium

That to the very Earth they lend, and Barke of
every Tree.
Rills, rising out of every Banck, in wilde Me-
anders strayne,
And playing many a wanton pranck upon the
speckled plaine,
In Gambols and lascivious Gyres their time they
still bestow,
Nor to the Fountaines none retyres, nor on
their course will goe;
Those Brooks with Lillies bravely deckt, so
proud and wanton made,
That they their courses quite neglect, and seeme
as though they strayde,
Faire Flora in her state to viewe, which through
those Lillies lookes,
Or as those Lillies leand to shew their beauties
to the brooks.
That Phœbus, in his lofty race, oft layes aside
his beames,
And comes to cool his glowing face in those
delicious streams.
Oft spreading Vines clime up the Cleeves, whose
ripened clusters there
Their liquid purple drop, which drives a Vintage
through the yeere.

The Description of Elizium

Those Cleeves whose craggy sides are clad with
Trees of sundry sutes,
Which make continuall Summer glad, even bend-
ing with their fruits,
Some ripening, ready some to fall, some
blossom'd, some to bloome,
Like gorgeous hangings on the wall of some
rich princely Roome;
Pomegranates, Lymons, Cytrons, so their
laded branches bow,
Their leaves in number that outgoe, nor roomth
will them allow.
There, in perpetual Summer's shade, Apollo's
Prophets sit
Among the flowres that never fade, but flourish
like their wit;
To whom the Nimphe upon their Lyres tune
many a curious lay,
And with their most melodious Quires make
short the longest day.
The thrice three Virgins' heavenly Cleere their
trembling Timbrels sound,
Whilst the three comely Graces there dance
many a dainty Round.
Decay nor Age there nothing knowes, there is
continuall Youth,

The Description of Elizium

As Time on plant or creatures growes, so still
their strength renewth.

The Poets' Paradise this is, to which but few
can come;

The Muses' onely bower of blisse, their Deare
Elizium.

Here happy soules (their blessed bowres free
from the rude resort

Of beastly people) spend the houres in harmless
mirth and sport.

Then on to the Elizian plaines Apollo doth in-
vite you,

Where he provides, with pastorall straines, in
Nimphalls to delight you.

MICHAEL DRAYTON: *The Muses' Elizium*.

WAKING-SONG

Mignonne, levez-vous, vous estes paresseuse,
Ja la gaye alouette au ciel a fredonné,
Et ja le rossignol doucement jargonné,
Dessus l'espine assis, sa complainte amoureuse.

Sus! debout! allons voir l'herbelette perleuse,
Et vostre beau rosier de boutons couronné,
Et vos oeillets aimés ausquels aviez donné
Hier au soir de l'eau d'une main si soigneuse.

Harsoir en vous couchant vous jurastes vos yeux
D'estre plutost que moy ce matin esveillée;
Mais le dormir de l'aube, aux filles gracieux,

Vous tient d'un doux sommeil encor les yeux
sillée.

Ca ça, que je les baise, et vostre beau tetin,
Cent fois, pour vous apprendre à vous lever
matin.

PIERRE RONSARD.

A CHAPLET OF GARDEN FLOWERS

CLAIA: Here Damaske Roses, white and red,
Out of my lap first take I,
Which still shall runne along the thred,
My chieftest Flower this make I;
Amongst these Roses, in a row,
Next place I Pinks in plenty,
These double Daysyes then for show,
And will not this be dainty?
The pretty Pansy then I'll tye
Like Stones some chaine inchasing,
And next to them their neere Alye,
The purple Violet placing.
The curious, choyce, Clove July-flower,
Whose kinds hight the Carnation
For sweetnesse of most soveraine power,
Shall helpe my Wreathe to fashion;
Whose sundry cullers of one kinde
First from one Root derived;
Then in their several sutes I'll binde,
My Garland so contrived.

A Chaplet of Garden Flowers

A course of Cowslips then I'll stick,
And here and there, though sparely,
The pleasant Primrose downe I'll prick,
Like Pearles, which will show rarely.
Then with these Marygolds I'll make
My garland somewhat swelling,
These Honeysuckles then I'll take,
Whose sweets shall helpe their smelling.
The Lilly and the Flower delice,
For colour much contenting,
For that I them doe onely prize,
They are but pore in senting;
The Daffadill most dainty is
To match with these in meetnesse;
The Columbyne compar'd to this,
'All much alike for sweetnesse.
These in their natures onely are
Fit to embosse the border,
Therefore I'll take especiall care
To place them in their order:
Sweet-Williams, Champions, Sops-in-wine,
One by another neatly:
Thus have I made this wreath of mine,
'And finished it featly.

MICHAEL DRAYTON:

The Muses' Elizium.

A CHAPLET OF GARDEN HERBS

LELIPA: Your Garland thus you finisht have
Then, as we have attended
Your leasure, likewise let me crave
I may the like be friended.
Those gaudy, garish Flowers you chuse,
In which our Nymphes are flaunting,
Which they at Feasts and Brydals use,
The sight and smell inchanting,
A Chaplet me of Hearbs I'll make,
Then which though yours be braver,
Yet this of myne I'll undertake
Shall not be short in savour.
With Basill then I will begin,
Whose scent is wondrous pleasing;
This Eglantine I'll next put in,
The sense with sweetness seasing.
Then in my Lavender I'll lay,
Muscado put among it;
And here and there a leafe of Bay,
Which still shall runne along it.

A Chaplet of Garden Herbs

Germander, Merjeram, and Tyme,
Which used are for strewing,
With Hisop, as an hearbe most pryme,
Here in my wreathe bestowing.
Then Balme and Mynt help to make up
My Chaplet, and for Tryall,
Costmary that so likes the Cup,
And next it Penieryall.
Then Burnet shall beare up with this,
Whose leafe I greatly fansy,
Some Camomile doth not amisse
With Savory and some Tansy.
Then heere and there I'll put a sprig
Of Rosemary into it;
Thus, not too little or too big,
Tis done if I can doe it.

MICHAEL DRAYTON: *The Muses' Elizium.*

THE GARDEN OF BEAUTIES

Me so oft my fancy drew
Here and there, that I ne'er knew
Where to place desire before
So that it might range no more,
But as he that passeth by,
Where in all her jollity
Flora's riches in a row
Doth in seemly order grow,
And a thousand flowers stand
Bending as to kiss his hand,
Out of which delightful store
One he may take, and no more,
Long he pausing, doubteth whether
Of these fair ones he should gather:
First the primrose courts his eyes;
Then the cowslip he espies;
Next the pansy seems to woo him;
Then carnations bow unto him,
Which whilst that enamour'd swain
From the stalk intends to strain,

The Garden of Beauties

As half fearing to be seen,
Prettily her leaves between
Peeps the violet, pale to see
That her virtues slighted be,
Which so much his liking wins,
That to seize her he begins;
(Yet, before he stoop'd so low,
He his wanton eye did throw
On a stem that grew more high,
And the rose did there espy,
Who, beside her precious scent,
To procure his eyes content,
Did display her goodly breast;
Where he found at full exprest
All the good that nature showers
On a thousand other flowers;
Wherewith he, affected, takes it,
His beloved flower he makes it,
And, without desire of more,
(Walks through all he saw before:
So I wandering but erewhile
Through the garden of this isle,
Saw rich beauties, I confess,
And in number numberless;
Yea, so differing-lovely too,
That I had a world to do

A Garden of Beauties

Ere I could set up my rest
Where to choose, and choose the best.

• • • • •
Thus I fondly far'd, till Fate —
Which, I must confess, in that
Did a greater favour to me
Than the world can malice do me —
Show'd to me that matchless flower,
Subject for this song of our.

• • • • •
In this flower are sweets such store
I shall never wish for more,
Nor be tempted out to stray
For the fairest buds in May.

Let who list for me advance
The admired flowers of France;
Let who will praise and behold
— The reserved marigold;
— Let the sweet-breath'd violet now
Unto whom she pleaseth bow,
And the fairest lily spread
Where she will her golden head;
I have such a flower to wear,
That for those I do not care.

GEORGE WITHER: *Philarete or Fair Virtue.*

GENIUS HORTI

'Tis she that to these gardens gave
That wondrous beauty which they have;
She straightness on the woods bestows;
To her the meadow sweetness owes;
Nothing could make the river be
So crystal pure, but only she,
She yet more pure, sweet, straight, and fair
Than gardens, woods, meads, rivers are.
Therefore what first she on them spent,
They gratefully again present;
The meadow carpets where to tread,
The garden flowers to crown her head,
And for a glass the limpid brook,
Where she may all her beauties look;
But since she would not have them seen,
The woods about her draws a screen.

NATHAN MARVEL: *Upon Appleton House*

THE NYMPH AND THE FAUN

With sweetest milk and sugar first
I it at my own fingers nursed;
And as it grew, so every day
It waxed more white and sweet than they.
It had so sweet a breath! And oft
I blushed to see its foot more soft
And white, shall I say than my hand?
Nay, any lady's of the land.
It is a wondrous thing how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet;
With what a pretty skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race;
And, when't had left me far away,
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay;
For it was nimbler much than hinds,
And trod as if on the four winds.
I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness;

The Nymph and the Faun

And all the spring-time of the year
It only lovèd to be there.
Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft, where it should lie,
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes;
For, in the flaxen lilies' shade,
It like a bank of lilies laid.
Upon the roses it would feed,
Until its lips e'en seem to bleed
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill,
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold:
Had it lived long, it would have been
Lilies without, roses within.

ANDREW MARVELL.

GARDEN MILITIA

When in the east the morning ray,
Hangs out the colours of the day,
The bee through these known alleys hums,
Beating the dian with its drums.
Then flowers their drowsy eyelids raise,
Their silken ensigns each displays,
And dries its pan yet dank with dew,
And fills its flask with odours new.
These, as their Governor goes by,
In fragrant volleys they let fly,
And to salute their Governess
Again as great a charge they press:
None for the virgin nymph, for she
Seems with the flowers, a flower to be.
And think so still! though not compare
With breath so sweet, or cheek so fair!
Well shot, ye firemen! Oh, how sweet
And round your equal fires do meet;
Whose shrill report no ear can tell,
But echoes to the eye and smell!

Garden Militia

See how the flowers, as at parade,
Under their colours stand displayed;
Each regiment in order grows,
That of the tulip, pink, and rose.
But when the vigilant patrol
Of stars walks round about the pole,
Their leaves that to the stalk are curled
Seem to their staves the ensigns furled.
Then in some flower's belovèd hut,
Each bee, as sentinel, is shut,
And sleeps so too, but, if once stirred,
She runs you through, nor asks the word.
Oh, thou, that dear and happy isle,
The garden of the world erewhile,
Thou Paradise of the four seas,
Which Heaven planted us to please,
But, to exclude the world, did guard
With watery, if not flaming sword,—
What luckless apple did we taste,
To make us mortal, and thee waste?
Unhappy! shall we never more
That sweet militia restore,
When gardens only had their towers
And the garrisons were flowers;
When roses only arms might bear,
'And men did rosy garlands wear?

Garden Militia

Tulips, in several colours barred,
Were then the Switzers of our guard;
The gardener had the soldier's place,
And his more gentle forts did trace;
The nursery of all things green
Was then the only magazine;
The winter quarters were the stoves,
Where he the tender plants removes,
But war all this doth overgrow:
We ordnance plant, and powder sow.
ANDREW MARVELL: *Upon Appleton House.*

THE ROSE

A Rose, as fair as ever saw the North,
Grew in a little garden all alone;
A sweeter flower did Nature ne'er put forth,
Nor fairer garden yet was never known:
The maidens danced about it morn and noon,
And learnèd bards of it their ditties made;
The nimble fairies by the pale-faced moon
Water'd the root and kiss'd her pretty shade.
But well-a-day! — the gardener careless grew;
The maids and fairies both were kept away,
And in a drought the caterpillars threw
Themselves upon the bud and every spray.

God shield the stock! If heaven send no supplies,

The fairest blossom of the garden dies.

William Browne of Tavistock.

THE GARDENS OF THE HESPERIDES

The Spirit epiloguizes:

To the Ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that ly
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky:
There I suck the liquid ayr
All amidst the Gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree:
Along the crispèd shades and bowres
Revels the spruce and jocond Spring,
The Graces, and the rosie-boosom'd Howres,
Thither all their bounties bring,
That there eternal Summer dwels,
And West winds, with musky wing
About the cedar'n alleys fling
Nard, and Cassia's balmy smels.
Iris there with humid bow,
Waters the odorous banks that blow
Flowers of more mingled hew,

The Gardens of the Hesperides

Than her purfl'd scarf can shew,
And drenches with Elysian dew
(List mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of Hyacinth, and roses
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits the Assyrian Queen ;
But far above in spangled sheen
Celestial Cupid her fam'd son advanc't,
Holds his dear Psyche sweet intranc't
After her wandering labours long,
Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal Bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy ; so Jove hath sworn.

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JOHN MILTON: *Comus*.

THE PICTURE OF PARADISE

A Heaven on earth: for blissful Paradise
Of God the garden was, by him in the east
Of Eden planted; Eden stretched her line
From Auran eastward to the royal towers
Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,
Or where the sons of Eden long before
Dwelt in Telassar: in this pleasant soil
His far more pleasant garden God ordained;
Out of the fertile ground he caused to grow
All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;
And all amid them stood the tree of life,
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold; and next to life,
Our death, the tree of knowledge, grew fast by,
Knowledge of good, bought dear by knowing ill.
Southward through Eden went a river large,
Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy
hill
Passed underneath engulfed; for God had
thrown •

The Picture of Paradise

That mountain as his garden mould high raised
Upon the rapid current, which through veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirst up-drawn,
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Watered the garden; thence united fell
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
Which from his darksome passage now appears,
And now, divided into four main streams,
Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account;
But rather to tell how, if art could tell,
How from that sapphire fount the crisped
 brooks,

Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendent shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice art
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
Poured forth profuse on hill, and dale, and
 plain,

Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierced shade
Imbrowned the noontide bowers: thus was this
 place

A happy rural seat of various view;

The Picture of Paradise

Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and
balm,
Others whose fruit burnished with golden rind,
Hung amiable (Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only,) and of delicious taste.
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,
Or palmy hillock ; or the flowery lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose:
Another side, umbrageous grotts and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant ; meanwhile murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills dispersed, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crowned
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their quire apply ; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the hours in dance,
Led on the eternal Spring.

JOHN MILTON : *Paradise Lost*.

“O BELLA ETÀ D'ORO”

O lovely age of gold!
Not that the rivers rolled
With milk, or that the woods dropped honey-
dew ;
Not that the ready ground
Produced without a wound,
Or the mild serpent had no tooth that slew ;
Not that a cloudless blue
Forever was in sight,
As that the heaven which burns,
And now is cold by turns,
Looked out in glad and everlasting light :
No, nor that even the insolent ships from far
Brought war to no new lands, nor riches worse
than war :

But solely that that vain
And breath-invented pain,
That idol of mistake, that worshipped cheat,
That honour,—since so called
By vulgar minds appalled,
Played not the tyrant with our nature yet.

"O Bella Età d'Oro

It had not come to fret
The sweet and happy fold
Of gentle human-kind;
Nor did its hard law bind
Souls nursed in freedom; but that law of gold,
That glad and golden law, all free, all fitted,
Which Nature's own hands wrote — What
pleases, is permitted.

Then among streams and flowers,
The little winged Powers
Went singing carols without torch or bow:
The nymphs and shepherds sat
Mingling with innocent chat
Sports and low whispers; and with whispers low,
Kisses that would not go.
The maiden budding o'er,
Kept not her bloom uneyed,
What now a veil must hide,
Nor the crisp apples which her bosom bore;
And oftentimes, in river or in lake,
The lover and his love their merry bath would
take.

.

TORQUATO TASSO.

Translated by Leigh Hunt.

THE NEW EDEN

It is an isle under Ionian skies,
Beautiful as a wreck of Paradise,
And, for the harbours are not safe and good,
This land would have remained a solitude
But for some pastoral people native there,
Who from the Elysian, clear and golden air
Draw the last spirit of the age of gold,
Simple and spirited, innocent and bold.
The blue Ægean girds this chosen home,
With ever-changing sound and light and foam,
Kissing the sifted sands and caverns hoar;
And all the winds wandering along the shore
Undulate with the undulating tide:
There are thick woods where sylvan forms abide,
And many a fountain, rivulet, and pond,
As clear as elemental diamond,
Or serene morning air, and far beyond,
The mossy tracks made by the goats and deer
(Which the rough shepherd treads but once a
year)

The New Eden

Pierce into glades, caverns and bowers, and halls
Built round with ivy, which the waterfalls
Illumining, with sound that never fails,
Accompany the noonday nightingales;
And all the place is peopled with sweet airs;
The light clear element which the isle wears
Is heavy with the scent of lemon-flowers,
Which floats like mist laden with unseen showers,
And falls upon the eyelids like faint sleep;
And from the moss violets and jonquils peep,
And dart their arrowy odour through the brain
Till you might faint with that delicious pain.
And every motion, odour, beam, and tone,
With that deep music is in unison:
Which is a soul within a soul — they seem
Like echoes of an antenatal dream.
It is an islet 'twixt Heaven, Air, Earth, and Sea,
Cradled and hung in clear tranquillity;
Bright as that wandering Eden, Lucifer,
Washed by the soft blue Oceans of young air.
It is a favoured place. Famine or Blight,
Pestilence, War, and Earthquake, never light
Upon its mountain-peaks; blind vultures, they
Sail onward far upon their fatal way:
The winged storms, chaunting their thunder-
psalm

The New Eden

To other lands, leave azure chasms of calm
Over this isle, or weep themselves in dew,
From which its fields and woods ever renew
Their green and golden immortality.
And from the sea there rise, and from the sky
There fall clear exhalations, soft and bright,
Veil after veil, each hiding some delight.
Which Sun or Moon or zephyr draw aside,
Till the isle's beauty, like a naked bride
Glowing at once with love and loveliness,
Blushes and trembles at its own excess.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY: *Epipsychidion*.

“NOW SLEEPS THE CRIMSON PETAL,
NOW THE WHITE ”

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white ;
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk ;
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font.
The firefly wakens ; waken thou with me.

Now droops the milk-white peacock like a
ghost,
And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.

Now lies the Earth all Danaë to the stars,
And all thy heart lies open unto me.

Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves
A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake.
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom and be lost in me.

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON: *The Princess.*

GARDEN LYRICS

Birds in the high Hall-garden
When twilight was falling,
Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,
They were crying and calling.

Where was Maud? in our wood;
And I — who else? — was with her,
Gathering woodland lilies,
Myriads blow together.

Birds in our wood sang
Ringing thro' the valleys,
Maud is here, here, here
In among the lilies.

I kissed her slender hand;
She took the kiss sedately;
Maud is not seventeen,
But she is tall and stately.

Garden Lyrics

I cry out on pride
Who have won her favor!
O, Maud were sure of heaven
If lowliness could save her!

I know the way she went
Home with her maiden posy,
For her feet have touch'd the meadows
And left the daisies rosy.

.
Maud has a garden of roses
And lilies fair on a lawn;
There she walks in her state
And tends upon bed and bower,
And thither I climb'd at dawn
And stood by her garden-gate.
A lion ramps at the top;
He is claspt by a passion-flower.

.
Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown.
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the rose is blown.

Garden Lyrics

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
To faint in his light, and die.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd
To the dancers dancing in tune;
Till the silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play."
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,

Garden Lyrics

For one that will never be thine?
But mine, but mine," so I sware to the rose,
"For ever and ever, mine."

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clash'd in the hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,
Our wood, that is dearer than all;

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
That whenever a March-wind sighs
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sighed for the dawn and thee.

Garden Lyrics

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate.
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near";
And the white rose weeps, "She is late";
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear";
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead,
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON: *Maud*.

THE NYMPH'S SONG TO HYLAS

I know a little garden-close
Set thick with lily and red rose,
Where I could wander if I might
From dewy dawn to dewy night,
And have one with me wandering.

And though within it no birds sing,
And though no pillar'd house is there,
And though the apple boughs are bare
Of fruit and blossom, would to God,
Her feet upon the green grass trod,
And I beheld them as before!

There comes a murmur from the shore,
And in the place two fair streams are,
Drawn from the purple hills afar,
Drawn down unto the restless sea ;
The hills whose flow'rs ne'er fed the bee,
The shore no ship has ever seen,
Still beaten by the billows green,

The Nymph's Song to Hylas

Whose murmur comes unceasingly
Unto the place for which I cry.

For which I cry both day and night,
For which I let slip all delight,
That maketh me both deaf and blind,
Careless to win, unskill'd to find,
And quick to lose what all men seek.

Yet tottering as I am, and weak,
Still have I left a little breath
To seek within the jaws of death
An entrance to that happy place;
To seek the unforgotten face
Once seen, once kiss'd, once reft from me
Anigh the murmuring of the sea.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

SONG

I made another garden, yea,
For my new love;
I left the dead rose where it lay,
And set the new above.
Why did the summer not begin?
Why did my heart not haste?
My old love came and walk'd therein,
And laid the garden waste.

She enter'd with her weary smile,
Just as of old;
She look'd around a little while,
And shiver'd at the cold.
Her passing touch was death to all,
Her passing look a blight:
She made the white rose-petals fall,
And turn'd the red rose white.

Her pale robe, clinging to the grass,
Seem'd like a snake

Song

That bit the ground and grass, alas!

And a sad trail did make.

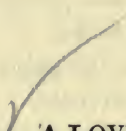
She went up slowly to the gate;

And there, just as of yore,

She turn'd back at the last to wait,

And say farewell once more.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.



A LOVE SYMPHONY

Along the garden ways just now
I heard the flowers speak ;
The white rose told me of your brow,
The red rose of your cheek ;
The lily of your bended head,
The bindweed of your hair ;
Each looked its loveliest and said
You were more fair.

I went into the wood anon,
And heard the wild birds sing,
How sweet you were ; they warbled on,
Piped, trill'd the self-same thing.
Thrush, blackbird, linnet, without pause
The burden did repeat,
And still began again because
You were more sweet.

And then I went down to the sea,
And heard it murmuring too,

A Love Symphony

Part of an ancient mystery,
All made of me and you:
How many a thousand years ago
I loved, and you were sweet —
Longer I could not stay, and so
I fled back to your feet.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

A FORSAKEN GARDEN

In a coign of the cliff between lowland and high-
land,

At the sea-down's edge between windward and
lee,

Walled round with rocks as an inland island,

The ghost of a garden fronts the sea.

A girdle of brushwood and thorn encloses

The steep square slope of the blossomless bed,
Where the weeds that grew green from the
graves of its roses

Now lie dead.

The fields fall southward, abrupt and broken,

To the low last edge of the long lone land.

If a step should sound or a word be spoken,

Would a ghost not rise at the strange guest's
hand?

So long have the grey bare walks lain guestless,

Through branches and briars if a man make
way,

A Forsaken Garden

He shall find no life but the sea-wind's, restless
Night and day.

The dense hard passage is blind and stifled
That crawls by a track none turn to climb
To the strait waste place that the years have
rifled

Of all but the thorns that are touched not of
time.

The thorns he spares when the rose is taken ;
The rocks are left when he wastes the plain.
The wind that wanders, the weeds wind-shaken :
These remain.

Not a flower to be pressed of the foot that falls
not ;

As the heart of a dead man the seed-plots are
dry ;

From the thicket of thorns whence the nightin-
gale calls not,

Could she call, there were never a rose to re-
ply.

Over the meadows that blossom and wither

Rings but the note of a sea-bird's song ;

Only the sun and the rain come hither

All year long.

A Forsaken Garden

The sun burns sere and the rain dishevels
One gaunt bleak blossom of scentless breath.
Only the wind here hovers and revels
In a round where life seems barren as death.
Here there was laughing of old, there was weep-
ing,
Haply, of lovers none ever will know,
Whose eyes went seaward a hundred sleeping
Years ago.

Heart handfast in heart as they stood, "Look
thither,"
Did he whisper? "look forth from the flowers
to the sea ;
For the foam-flowers endure when the rose-blos-
soms wither,
And men that love lightly may die — but
we? "
And the same wind sang and the same waves
whitened,
And or ever the garden's last petals were shed,
In the lips that had whispered, the eyes that had
lightened,
Love was dead.

A Forsaken Garden

Or they loved their life through, and then went
whither?

And were one to the end — but what end who
knows?

Love deep as the sea as a rose must wither,
As the rose-red seaweed that mocks the rose.
Shall the dead take thought for the dead to love
them?

What love was ever as deep as a grave?
They are loveless now as the grass above them,
Or the wave.

All are at one now, roses and lovers,
Not known of the cliffs and the fields and the
sea.

Not a breath of the time that has been hovers
In the air now soft with a summer to be.
Not a breath shall there sweeten the seasons here-
after

Of the flowers or the lovers that laugh now or
weep,
When as they that are free now of weeping and
laughter

We shall sleep.

A Forsaken Garden

Here death may deal not again for ever ;
Here change may come not till all change
end.

From the graves they have made they shall rise
up never,

Who have left nought living to ravage and
rend.

Earth, stones, and thorns of the wild ground
growing,

While the sun and the rain live, these shall be ;
Till a last wind's breath upon all these blowing
Roll the sea.

Till the slow sea rise and the sheer cliff crumble,
Till the terrace and meadow the deep gulfs
drink,

Till the strength of the waves of the high tides
humble

The fields that lessen, the rocks that shrink,
Here now in his triumph where all things falter,
Stretched out on the spoils that his own hand
spread,

As a god self-slain on his own strange altar,
Death lies dead.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

WILD EDEN

There is a garden enclosed
In the high places,
But never hath love reposed
In its bowery spaces;
And the cedars there like shadows
O'er the moonlit champaign stand
Till light like an angel's hand
Touches Wild Eden.

Who told me the name of the garden
That lieth remote, apart,
I know not, nor whence was the music
That sang it into my heart;
But just as the loud robin tosses
His note from the elm tops high,
As the violets come in the mosses
When south winds wake and sigh,
So on my lips I found it,
This name that is made my cry.

Wild Eden

There, under the stars and the dawns
Of the virginal valleys,
White lilies flood the low lawns
And the rose lights the alleys;
But never are heard there the voices
That sweeten on lovers' lips,
And the wild bee never sips
Sweets of Wild Eden.

But who hath shown me the vision
Of the roses and lilies in ranks
I would that I knew, that forever
To him I might render thanks;
For a maiden grows there in her blossom,
In the place of her maidenhood,
Nor knows how her virgin bosom
Is stored with the giving of good,
For the truth is hidden from her
That of love is understood.

No bird with his mate there hovers,
Nor beside her has trilled or sung;
No bird in the dewy covers
Has built a nest for his young;
And over the dark-leaved mountains
The voice in the laurel sleeps;

Wild Eden

And the moon broods on the deeps
Shut in Wild Eden.

O Love, if thou in thy hiding
Art he who above me stands,
If thou givest wings to my spirit,
If thou art my heart and my hands,—
Through the morn, through the noon, through
the even
That burns with thy planet of light,
Through the moonlit space of heaven,
Guide thou my flight
Till, star-like on the dark garden,
I fall in the night!

Fly, song of my bosom, unto it
Wherever the earth breathes spring;
Though a thousand years were to rue it,
Such a heart beats under thy wing,
Thou shalt dive, thou shalt soar, thou shalt find
it,
And forever my life be blest,
Such a heart beats in my breast,—
Fly to Wild Eden!

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY.

CHILDREN AND GARDENS

THE PICTURE OF LITTLE T. C. IN A PROSPECT OF FLOWERS

I.

See with what simplicity
This nymph begins her golden days!
In the green grass she loves to lie,
And there with her fair aspect tames
The wilder flowers and gives them names,
But only with the roses plays,
 And them does tell
What color best becomes them and what smell.

II.

Who can foretell for what high cause
This darling of the gods was born?
Yet this is she whose chaster laws
The wanton Love shall one day fear,
And, under her command severe,
See his bow broke, and ensigns torn.
 Happy who can
Appease this virtuous enemy of man!

The Picture of Little T. C.

III.

O then let me in time compound
And parley with those conquering eyes,
Ere they have tried their force to wound;
Ere with their glancing wheels they drive
In triumph over hearts that strive,
And them that yield but more despise:
Let me be laid
Where I may see the glories from some shade.

IV.

Meantime, while every verdant thing
Itself does at thy beauty charm,
Reform the errors of the spring;
Make that the tulips may have share
Of sweetness, seeing they are fair;
And roses of their thorns disarm;
But most procure
That violets may a longer age endure.

V.

But O, young beauty of the woods,
Whom Nature courts with fruit and flowers,
Gather the flowers, but spare the buds,

The Picture of Little T. C.

Lest Flora, angry at thy crime
To kill her infants in their prime,
Do quickly make the example yours ;
And ere we see,
Nip in the blossom, all our hopes and thee.

ANDREW MARVELL.

THE FLOWERS

All the names I know from nurse :
Gardner's garters, Shepherd's purse,
Bachelor's buttons, Lady's smock,
And the Lady Hollyhock.

Fairy places, fairy things,
Fairy woods where the wild bee wings,
Tiny trees for tiny dames —
These must all be fairy names !

Tiny woods below whose boughs,
Shady fairies weave a house ;
Tiny tree-tops, rose or thyme,
Where the braver fairies climb !

Fair are grown-up people's trees,
But the fairest woods are these ;
Where if I were not so tall,
I should live for good and all.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE GARDENER

The gardener does not love to talk,
He makes me keep the gravel walk;
And when he puts his tools away,
He locks the door and takes the key.

Away behind the currant row
Where no one else but cook may go,
Far in the plots, I see him dig,
Old and serious, brown and big.

He digs the flowers, green, red and blue,
Nor wishes to be spoken to.
He digs the flowers and cuts the hay,
And never seems to want to play.

Silly gardener! summer goes,
And winter comes with pinching toes,
When in the garden bare and brown
You must lay your barrow down.

The Gardener

Well now, and while the summer stays,
To profit by these garden days,
O how much wiser you would be
To play at Indian wars with me!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

TO ANY READER

As from the house your mother sees
You playing round the garden trees,
So you may see, if you will look
Through the windows of this book,
Another child, far, far away,
And in another garden, play.
But do not think you can at all,
By knocking on the window, call
That child to hear you. He intent
Is all on his play-business bent.
He does not hear; he will not look,
Nor yet be lured from out his book.
For, long ago, the truth to say,
He has grown up, and gone away,
And it is but a child of air
That lingers in the garden there.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

A CHILD'S GARDEN

The garden wastes: the little child is grown;
Rank with high weeds and blossoms overblown,
His tiny territory boasts no more
The dainty many-colored mien it wore
In the old time,
When the stout toiler of the summer's prime
Wrought in his glory, sun-flushed and bemired,
With spade and water-can, nor ever tired,
Yet found the bedward stair so steep to climb.

Pink and forget-me-not and mignonette,
Red double daisies accurately set,
We had them all by heart and more beside,
Purple and yellow pansies, solemn-eyed
As little owlets in their tufted bowers . . .
The weeds have come and driven forth the
flowers.

Summer with all her roses onward hastes.
The garden wastes —

A Child's Garden

This poor small garden, sweet in summers
known.

The garden wastes: the little child is grown.

How good those summers, gay and golden-lit,
When down the walks the white-frocked form
would flit,

Laden and all-triumphant with its load;
That narrow pleasaunce and the spoils of it!
The various spoils of it so proudly shown,
So royally bestowed . . .

Green wrinkled cress and rosy radish node,
The unsunned strawberry's dimly coral cone,—
There be none such treasures now: the child is
grown.

The fish-tailed merchild carved in crumbling
stone

Wreathed with loose straggling roses, reigns
alone,

Th' abandoned idol still smiles gravely on.

The other child is gone.

New play, new paths, the old sweet hours disown;

Poor graven image on your rain-worn throne

Smiling the foolish smile,

Rose petals fall around you yet awhile,

A Child's Garden

Nor may I mourn this little plot defaced,
The bare nest whence the fledgling bird has
 flown,

His garden-waste:

The little child is grown.

ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON.

GARDEN PHILOSOPHY

You must know, sir, that I look upon the pleasure which we take in a garden as one of the most innocent delights in human life. A garden was the habitation of our first parents before the fall. It is naturally apt to fill the mind with calmness and tranquillity, and to lay its turbulent passions at rest. It gives us great insight into the contrivance and wisdom of Providence, and suggests innumerable subjects for meditation. I cannot but think that the very complacency and satisfaction which a man takes in these works of nature to be a laudable, if not a virtuous, habit of mind.— THE SPECTATOR.

LINES WRITTEN ON A GARDEN SEAT

If thou sit here to view this pleasant garden
place,

Think thus: at last will come a frost and all
these flowers deface:

But if thou sit at ease to rest thy weary bones,
Remember death brings final rest to all our
grievous groans;

So whether for delight, or here thou sit for ease,
Think still upon the latter day: so shalt thou
God best please.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

THE MOWER, AGAINST GARDENS

Luxurious man, to bring his vice in use,
Did after him the world seduce,
And from the fields the flowers and plants allure,
Where Nature was most plain and pure.
He first enclosed within the gardens square
A dead and standing pool of air,
And a more luscious earth for them did knead,
Which stupefied them while it fed.
The pink grew then as double as his mind ;
The nutriment did change the kind.
With strange perfumes he did the roses taint,
And flowers themselves were taught to paint.
The tulip white did for complexion seek,
And learned to interline its cheek ;
Its onion root they then so high did hold,
That one was for a meadow sold :
Another world was searched through oceans new,
To find the marvel of Peru ;
And yet these rareties might be allowed
To man, that sovereign thing and proud,

The Mower, Against Gardens

Had he not dealt between the bark and tree,
Forbidden mixtures there to see.
No plant now knew the stock from which it
came;

He grafts upon the wild the tame,
That the uncertain and adulterate fruit
Might put the palate in dispute.
His green seraglio has its eunuchs too,
Lest any tyrant him outdo;
And in the cherries he does Nature vex,
To procreate without a sex.
'Tis all enforced, the fountain and the grot,
While the sweet fields do lie forgot,
Where willing Nature does to all dispense
A wild and fragrant innocence;
And fauns and fairies do the meadows till
More by their presence than their skill.
Their statues polished by some ancient hand,
May to adorn the gardens stand;
But, howsoe'er the figures do excel,
The gods themselves with us do dwell.

ANDREW MARVELL.

A CONTEMPLATION UPON FLOWERS

Brave flowers — that I could gallant it like you,
And be as little vain!

You come abroad, and make a harmless show,
And to your beds of earth again.

You are not proud; you know your birth:
For your embroider'd garments are from earth.

You do obey your months and times, but I
Would have it ever Spring.

My fate would know no Winter, never die
Nor think of such a thing.

O that I could my bed of earth but view
And smile, and look as cheerfully as you!

O teach me to see Death and not to fear,
But rather to take truce!

How often have I seen you at a bier,
And there look fresh and spruce!

You fragrant flowers! then teach me, that my
breath

Like yours may sweeten and perfume my death.

HENRY KING, Bishop of Chichester.

COUNSEL TO GIRLS

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may;
Old Time is still a-flying,
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry:
For having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry.

ROBERT HERRICK.

TO MEADOWS

Ye have been fresh and green,
Ye have been fill'd with flowers,
And ye the walks have been
Where maids have spent their hours.

You have beheld how they
With wicker arks did come
To kiss and bear away
The richer cowslips home.

You've heard them sweetly sing,
And seen them in a round:
Each virgin like a spring,
With honeysuckles crowned,

But now we see none here
Whose silvery feet did tread,
And with dishevell'd hair
Adorn'd this smoother mead.

To Meadows

Like unthrifths, having spent
Your stock and needy grown,
You're left here to lament
Your poor estates, alone.

ROBERT HERRICK.

GIRLS AND ROSES

I went a-roaming, maidens, one bright day,
In a green garden in mid month of May.

Violets and lilies grew on every side
Mid the green grass, and young flowers wonderful,
Golden, and white, and red, and azure-eyed;
Toward which I stretched my hands, eager to pull
Plenty to make my fair curls beautiful,
To crown my rippling curls with garlands gay.

I went a-roaming, maidens, one bright day,
In a green garden in mid month of May.

But when my lap was full of flowers I spied
Roses at last, roses of every hue;
Therefore I ran to pluck their ruddy pride,
Because their perfume was so sweet and true
That all my soul went forth with pleasure
new,
With yearning and desire too soft to say.

Girls And Roses

I went a-roaming, maidens, one bright day,
In a green garden in mid month of May.

I gazed and gazed. Hard task it were to tell
How lovely were the roses in that hour:
One was but peeping from her verdant shell,
And some were faded, some were scarce in
flower,
Then Love said: Go, pluck from the bloom-
ing bower
Those that thou seest ripe upon the spray.

I went a-roaming, maidens, one bright day,
In a green garden in mid month of May.

For when the full rose quits her tender sheath,
When she is sweetest and most fair to see,
Then is the time to place her in thy wreath,
Before her beauty and her freshness flee.
Gather ye therefore roses with great glee,
Sweet girls, or e'er their perfume pass away.

I went a-roaming, maidens, one bright day,
In a green garden in mid month of May.
Poliziano. Translated by J. A. Symonds.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME

Je vous envoie un bouquet que ma main
Vient de trier de ces fleurs épanies ;
Qui ne les eust a ce vespre cueillies,
Cheutes à terre elles fussent demain.

Cela vous soit un exemple certain
Que vos beautez, bien qu'elles soient fleuries,
En peu de temps seront toutes flaitries,
Et, comme fleurs, periront tout soudain.

Le temps s'en va, le temps s'en va, ma dame ;
Las ! le temps non, mais nous nous en-allons,
Et tost serons estendus sous la lame.

Et des amours desquelles nous parlons,
Quand serons morts, n'en sera plus nouvelle.
Pour ce aymey-moy ce pendant qu'estes belle.

PIERRE RONSARD.

MUTABILITY IN GARDENS

Unwatch'd, the garden bough shall sway,
The tender blossom flutter down,
Unloved, that beech will gather brown,
This maple burn itself away;

Unloved, the sunflower, shining fair,
Ray round with flames her disk of seed,
And many a rose-carnation feed
With summer spice the humming air;

Unloved, by many a sandy bar,
The brook shall babble down the plain,
'At noon or when the Lesser Wain
Is twisting round the polar star;

Uncared for, gird the windy grove,
And flood the haunts of hern and crake,
Or into silver arrows break
The sailing moon in creek and cove;

Mutability in Gardens

Till from the garden and the wild
A fresh association blow,
And year by year the landscape grow
Familiar to the stranger's child;

As year by year the laborer tills
His wonted glebe, or lops the glades,
And year by year our memory fades
From all the circle of the hills.

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON: *In Memoriam*.

THE GARDEN OF OMAR

Now the New Year reviving old Desires,
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,
 Where the White Hand of Moses on the
 Bough
Puts out, and Jesus from the ground suspires.

Iram indeed is gone with all his Rose,
And Jamshyd's Sev'n-ringèd Cup where no one
 knows;

But still a Ruby kindles in the Vine,
And many a Garden by the Water blows.

.
Come, fill the Cup; and in the fire of Spring
Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling:

The bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter — and the Bird is on the Wing.

.
Each Morn a thousand Roses brings, you say;
Yes, but where leaves the Rose of yesterday?

The Garden of Omar

And this first Summer month that brings the
 Rose
Shall take Jamshyd and Kaikobád away.

.
A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A jug of Wine, a loaf of Bread — and Thou
 Beside me singing in the Wilderness —
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

.
Look to the blowing Rose about us — “Lo,
Laughing,” she says, “into the world I blow,
 At once the silken tassel of my Purse
Tear, and its Treasure in the Garden throw.”

.
I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
 That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head.

And this reviving Herb whose tender Green
Fledges the River-Lip on which we lean —
 Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!

.

The Garden of Omar

Ah, with the Grape my fading life provide,
And wash the Body whence the Life has died,
 And lay me, shrouded in the living Leaf,
By some not unfrequented Garden-side.

That ev'n my buried Ashes such a snare
Of Vintage shall fling up into the Air
 As not a True-believer passing by
But shall be overtaken unaware.

.
Yon rising Moon that looks for us again —
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
 How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same Garden — and for one in
 vain!

EDWARD FITZGERALD:
Rubaíyát of Omar Khayyám.

THE GARDEN
BY ABRAHAM COWLEY

“ I never had any other desire so strong, and so like Covetousness, as that one which I have always had that I might be Master at last of a small house and large Garden, with very moderate conveniences joyned to them, and there dedicate the remainder of my life only to the culture of them, and study of Nature.— ABRAHAM COWLEY TO JOHN EVELYN.

THE GARDEN

TO HIS FRIEND, JOHN EVELYN

I.

Happy art thou, whom God does bless
With the full choice of thine own happiness;
And happier yet, because thou'rt blest
With prudence, how to choose the best;
In books and gardens thou hast plac'd aright
(Things which thou well dost understand;
And both, dost make with thy laborious hand)
Thy noble, innocent delight;
And in thy virtuous wife, where thou again dost
meet
Both pleasures more refin'd and sweet;
The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books.
Oh, who would change those soft, yet solid joys,
For empty shows and senseless noise;
And all, which rank ambition breeds,
Which seem such beauteous flowers, and are such
poisonous weeds.

The Garden

II.

When God did man to his own likeness make,
As much as clay, though of the purest kind,
By the great potter's art refin'd,
Could the divine impression take,
He thought it fit to place him, where
A kind of heaven too did appear,
As far as earth could such a likeness bear:
That man no happiness might want,
Which earth to her first master could afford,
He did a garden for him plant
By the quick hand of his omnipotent word.
As the chief help and joy of human life,
He gave him the first gift: first, ev'n before a
wife.

III.

For God, the universal architect,
'T had been as easy to erect
A Louvre or Escorial, or a tower,
That might with heaven communication hold,
As Babel vainly thought to do of old —
He wanted not the skill or power;
In the world's fabric those were shown,
And the materials were all his own.

The Garden

But well he knew, what place would best agree
With innocence and with felicity:
'And we elsewhere still seek for them in vain
If any part of either yet remain.
If any part of either we expect,
This may our judgment in the search direct;
God the first garden made, and the first city,
Cain.

IV.

O blessed shades, O gentle cool retreat
From all th' immoderate heat,
In which the frantic world does burn and sweat.
This does the lion-star, ambition's rage;
This avarice the dog-star's thirst assuage;
Everywhere else their fatal power we see,
They make and rule man's wretched destiny:
They neither set, nor disappear,
But tyrannize o'er all the year;
Whilst we ne'er feel their flame or influence here.
The birds that dance from bough to bough,
And sing above in every tree,
Are not from fears and cares more free
Than we, who lie, or sit, or walk below,
And should by right be singers too.
What prince's choir of music can excel

The Garden

That which within this shade does dwell?
To which we nothing pay or give;
They, like all other poets live
Without reward, or thanks for their obliging
pains:

'Tis well if they become not prey.
The whistling winds add their less artful strains,
And a grave base the murmuring fountains play;
Nature does all this harmony bestow,—

But to our plants, art's music too,
The pipe, theorbo, and guitar we owe;
The lute itself which once was green and mute,
When Orpheus strook the inspired lute,
The trees danced round and understood
By sympathy the voice of wood.

V.

These are the spells, that to kind sleep invite,
And nothing does within resistance make,
Which, yet we moderately take;
Who would not choose to be awake,
While he's encompassed round with such delight,
To th' ear, the nose, the touch, the taste, and
sight?
When Venus her dear Ascanius keep

The Garden

A prisoner in the downy bands of sleep,
She od'rous herbs and flowers beneath him
spread,

As the most soft and sweetest bed;
Not her own lap would more have charmed his
head.

Who, that has reason, and his smell,
Would not among roses and jasmin dwell,

Rather than all his spirits choke
With exhalations of dirt and smoke?

And all the uncleanness which does drown
In pestilential clouds a populous town?
The earth itself breathes better perfumes here,
Than all the female men or women there,
Not without cause about them bear.

VI.

When Epicurus to the world had taught
That pleasure was the chiefest good
(And was perhaps, i' th' right, if rightly under-
stood),

His life he to his doctrine brought,
And in a garden's shade that sovereign pleasure
sought.

Whoever a true epicure would be,

The Garden

May there find cheap and virtuous luxury.
Vitellius's table, which did hold
As many creatures as the ark of old:
That fiscal table, to which every day
All countries did a constant tribute pay,
Could nothing more delicious afford
Than nature's liberality,
Helped with a little art and industry,
Allows the meanest gardener's board.
The wanton taste no fish or fowl can choose,
For which the grape or melon she would lose;
Though all th' inhabitants of sea and air
Be lifted in the glutton's bill of fare:
Yet still the fruits of earth we see
Plac'd the third story high in all her luxury.

VII.

But with no sense the garden does comply,
None courts, or flatters, as it does the eye.
When the great Hebrew king did almost strain
The wondrous treasures of his wealth and brain,
His royal southern guest to entertain;
Though she on silver floors did tread,
With bright Assyrian carpets on them spread,
To hide the metal's poverty;

The Garden

Though she look'd up to roofs of gold,
And nought around her could behold,
But silk and rich embroidery,
 And Babylonian tapestry,
 And wealthy Hiram's princely dye;
Though Ophir's starry stones met everywhere
 her eye;
Though she herself and her gay host were drest
With all the shining glories of the East;
When lavish art her costly work had done,
 The honour and the prize of bravery
Was by the garden from the palace won;
And every rose and lily there did stand
 Better attired by Nature's hand;
The case thus judged against the king we see,
By one that would not be so rich, though wiser
 far than he.

VIII.

Nor does this happy place only dispense
 Such various pleasures to the sense;
 Here health itself does live,
That salt of life, which does to all a relish give,
Its standing pleasure and intrinsic wealth,

The Garden

The body's virtue, and the soul's good fortune,
health.

The tree of life, when it in Eden stood,
Did its immortal head to heaven rear ;
It lasted a tall cedar, till the flood ;
Now a small thorny shrub it does appear ;

Nor will it thrive too everywhere ;

It always here is freshest seen ;

'Tis only here an evergreen.

If, through the strong and beauteous fence
Of temperance and innocence,

And wholesome labors and a quiet mind,

Any diseases passage find,

They must not think here to assail

A land unarmed, or without a guard ;

They must fight for it and dispute it hard,

Before they can prevail.

Scarce any plant is growing here,

Which against death some weapon does not bear.

Let cities boast that they provide

For life the ornaments of pride ;

But 'tis the country and the field

That furnish it with staff and shield.

The Garden

IX.

Where does the wisdom and the power divine
In a more bright and sweet reflection shine?
Where do we finer strokes and colors see
Of the Creator's real poetry,

Than when we with attention look
Upon the third day's volume of the book?
If we could open and intend our eye,

We all, like Moses, should espy
Ev'n in a bush the radiant Deity.
But we despise these his inferior ways
(Though no less full of miracle and praise):

Upon the flowers of heaven we gaze;
The stars of earth no wonder in us raise,
Though these, perhaps, do more than they,
The life of mankind sway,
Although no part of mighty nature be
More stored with beauty, power, and mystery;
Yet, to encourage human industry,
God has so order'd, that no other part
Such space and such dominion leaves for art.

X.

We nowhere art do so triumphant see,
As when it grafts or buds the tree;

The Garden

In other things we count it to excel,
If it a docile scholar can appear
To Nature, and but imitate her well;
It overrules and is her master here.
It imitates her Maker's power divine,
And changes her sometimes, and sometimes does
refine ;

It does, like grace, the fallen tree restore
To its blest state of Paradise before :
Who would not joy to see his conquering hand
O'er all the vegetable world command?
And the wild giants of the wood receive

What law he's pleased to give?
He bids th' ill-natured crab produce
The gentler apple's winy juice,
The golden fruit that worthy is
Of Galatea's purple kiss ;
He does the savage hawthorn teach
To bear the medlar and the pear ;
He bids the rustic plum to rear
A noble trunk and be a peach.
Even Daphne's coyness he does mock,
And weds the cherry to her stock,
Though she refused Apollo's suit ;
Even she, that chaste and virgin tree,
Now wonders at herself to see

The Garden

That she's a mother made, and blushes in her
fruit.

XI.

Methinks, I see great Diocletian walk
In the Salonian garden's noble shade,
Which by his own imperial hands was made.
I see him smile (methinks) as he does talk
With the ambassadors, who come in vain,

T' entice him to a throne again.

If I, my friends (said he) should to you show
All the delights, which in these gardens grow,
'Tis likelier much, that you should with me stay,
Than 'tis that you should carry me away.
And trust me not, my friends, if, every day,

I walk not here with more delight
Then ever, after the most happy fight,
In triumph to the capitol I rod,
To thank the gods, and to be thought, myself,
almost a god.

FINIS

48

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